

LIFE



LONG ISLAND SOCIETY
MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT WHITNEY
AND COACHMAN

JULY 22, 1946 **15** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$5.50



Color Photograph
by Victor Keppler

He'll like the he-man
dignity of Valiant...

*She'll love the feminine
daintiness of Tuckaway*

and both are **"TRIUMPH"**

In Sheaffer's "TRIUMPH" Pens there are distinctly different designs for both men and women! No one pen or pencil need do double duty—as a man's and as a woman's model.

For example—the "TRIUMPH" Valiant, a man's pen if there ever was one; a fine-feeling, perfectly-balanced, man's sized pen that performs the way he wants it to . . . Or—the "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY, that daintily-beautiful pen to grace the feminine hand—designed for, desired by women who treasure fine things! Both are "TRIUMPH". Both are Sheaffer's. Both are the embodiment of unmatched quality and value! Each has an unconditionally guaranteed 14-K *Lifetime** POINT!



The
Lifetime
POINT

Unconditionally Guaranteed
For First User's Lifetime With-
out Repair Charges If Sent To
Sheaffer Factory!

VALIANT or VALIANT TUCKAWAY pen, \$12.50; pencil, \$5; complete set, \$17.50.
Other sets, \$3.95 up. Complete range of Colors.

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright 1946, W.A. Sheaffer Pen Co., *Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

New "TRIUMPH" Pens and Fineline Pencils

LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S PARADE with Carmen Cavallaro—NBC Complete Network; 2 P.M. Eastern Standard Time—3 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time

"So that's why you're not in the movies, Mom!"



MOM: Uh? What's why I'm not in the movies, Mite?

MITE: Because you don't massage your gums with it after you brush your teeth with it.

MOM: Oh? Well, don't tell your father, Darling. He thinks I'm wonderful. Massage my gums with what?

MITE: Well, Golly, with Ipana, Mom! At school, Teacher says soft foods don't give gums enough exercise, so people should massage their gums after they brush their teeth.

MOM: They should? Why?

MITE: She says it's because healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth and movie stars have bright teeth don't they, Mom?

MOM: And I don't?

MITE: Not like Deadeye Dick's lady in "Gunsmoke On The Range." She—

MOM: Flatterer!

MITE: But Mom! Teacher says without the right exercise, gums might get flabby and tender. Yes, and if people get "pink" on their tooth brush they should see their dentist right away. Like you should, Mom! Because there's "pink" on your tooth brush right this minute! *See!*

MITE'S RIGHT. He's one of many school children today who know more about modern dental care than their parents. In thousands of classrooms all over the country, teachers are explaining the need for gum massage... its importance to sound gums and bright teeth.

And behind these teachers is the authority of a national survey among dentists. It shows that 7 out of 10 dentists approve this routine—recommending regular gum massage.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," don't ignore that warning. *See your dentist.* He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is specially designed to help the gums. So you can readily see why a nationwide survey shows that more than twice as many dentists use Ipana as any other dentifrice... for their own, *personal* use.

Start today with Ipana and massage.



Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

This One



4UAR-WG9-CPXW

NO USE WISHING... OUR
BRISTLES WILL NEVER BE
AS GOOD AS PROLON!



For years only hog bristle
made fine tooth brushes
... Then science made
round-end **PROLON**



*F*ar and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer... it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Prophy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Prophy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Prophy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Prophy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Prophy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MICHELANGELO'S ADAM

Sirs:

It is quite evident that the person who wrote the caption under *Creation of Adam* (LIFE, July 1) has never himself moved in any but orthodox positions. I am a dancer and I know that Adam's reclining position is not only



possible but also simple. And all the descendants of Adam can do it. Perhaps if he did try it, the caption writer tried it on a horizontal surface instead of a sloping one as Adam did, on a mountain side.

SOPHIA DELZA

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your pictures of the paintings in the Sistine Chapel were very interesting and instructive, and I enjoyed them. Your statement that Adam's pose is physically impossible is very true, but I believe that Michelangelo's biggest mistake was painting Adam with an umbilicus, or navel.

L. L. WOOD, M.D.

Sunrise, Wyo.

● Although Adam was not of woman born, most artists have depicted him as possessing a navel.—ED.

CHRISTIANITY AND LIBERALISM

Sirs:

... Doubtless when Mr. Donald Williams criticizes religion (Letters to the Editors, July 1), his mind dwells on the Spanish Inquisition, the Puritan theocracy in New England, Cromwell, witch burnings and the like. As well blame Einstein for Nagasaki or the inventors of the internal combustion engine for drunken driving. Mr. Williams, like many others, has confused the thing itself with iniquities committed in its name.

WILLARD MOON

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

Mr. Williams' letter deserves thoughtful consideration. His suggestion that we dissociate religion and liberalism is an excellent one, for religion always seems to bring in some degree of emotion which makes it difficult for people to be as coldly logical as they can on a matter which does not concern their faith. And the evidence of history should not incline us to combine our political convictions with our religious ones. Religion has been very illiberal many times in the past, as Mr. Williams points out, even to the extent of trying to prevent the spread of scientific knowledge and of liberal thinking.

If we keep our religious faiths private and personal matters and concentrate on developing our liberalism as a people, we may do better than we have so far. . . .

HELEN J. STETSON

Newton Highlands, Mass.

Sirs:

The "rather specially unreligious . . . author of the Declaration of Independence" whom Harvardian Williams describes compiled "Jefferson's Bible," extracting the sayings of Christ in a literary arrangement, a compilation still in popular print. Jefferson was also the author and sponsor of the first major law for religious toleration in the States. He was critical of the organized church of his day, and undoubtedly had excellent reason. He was never "unreligious". . . .

WARD MCCABE

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

... Mr. Williams states that Mr. Dulles' promise—unless we return to religion we cannot be loyal to the ideal of individual liberty—is fallacious. He says that the Christian faith is neutral to liberalism. Yet Christ never tried to impose His way of life on anyone. He only wanted to share it. He never condemned those opposed to Him; He prayed for them. His was the greatest example of liberalism ever shown. . . .

DORA CAMPBELL SCHMIDT

Palestine, Texas

PEARL WHITE'S "PERILS"

Sirs:

The new *Perils of Pauline* can never bring the thrills that the original *Perils* brought to us as children! Tell Paramount not to forget to sing the song that went with the original serial.

Poor Pauline, I pity poor Pauline.

One night she's drifting out to sea
And then they tie her to a tree,
Wonder what the end will be?

This suspense is awful!

Bing, bang, biff, they throw her off
a cliff;

They dynamite her in a submarine.

In a lion's den she stands with fright,
Lion goes to take a bite

Zip goes the film—Good night,

Poor Pauline.

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SAMUEL D. JACKSON

Johnson City, Tenn.

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LIFE
July 22, 1946

Volume 21
Number 4

**We were adding
300,000
telephones a month**



That's 3,600,000 a year—nearly three times as many as ever before.

But disturbed conditions in this country have affected our supplies of steel, copper, lead, paper, cotton yarn, wood—many of the vital necessities for telephone production.

Even so, you can depend on this:

We're moving as fast as we can, and as supplies improve we'll speed up the program.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Rather fight a bull than shave?

DO YOU mangle your face instead of shaving it? Do you groan at the thought of having to shave again?

Then you have that combination

common among virile he-men—wiry whiskers and tender skin. And what torture it can cause! But it doesn't have to—and it won't—if you know that...



You need a heavier cream to shave a tender skin

MOLLÉ is a heavier cream... a brushless cream that makes the toughest beards say "uncle" and lighter beards vanish like fluff. Because it's heavier, it not only softens your whiskers, it holds 'em up

straight—so your razor just coasts through 'em.

You shave faster, you shave closer, you shave easier, and you shave painlessly when you use Mollé. Try it. Pronounced "Mo-lay."



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

Many thanks for bringing back memories of my old show days when I was a pianist in a silent-movie house. I recall Pearl White as the favorite star of the younger generation. How they would hoot and holler and stamp their feet! It seems so long ago, yet I am only 40 years old now. I met my future husband while pounding the ivories. I'm afraid my *Hearts and Flowers* overlapped the "struggle" music because I was making eyes at him instead of watching the screen. But since he still likes my music after 22 years, I'm all for silent movies.

Mrs. C. P. MANZ

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

GEORGIA PRIMARIES

Sirs:

In *LIFE* (July 1) you stated in the article on the Georgia primary that Georgia is the only state in which 18-year-olds are permitted to vote. Several weeks ago the right to vote was given to 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds in South Carolina.

MABEL PACE

Charleston, S. C.

Sirs:

You say that the "youngsters" are serious in the Georgia primary campaign and that Georgia college girls like Candidate James V. Carmichael as much for his wavy hair as for his politics. If wavy hair or any other physical features are a deciding factor in voting, I shall be forced to place myself upon the side of those who insist it was a mistake to allow women to vote.

BOYD E. PETERSON

U.S. Naval Hospital
Chelsea, Mass.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Sirs:

I do not profess to be a modern pragmatist, skeptic or materialist, nor am I in any way opposed to Judge Dore's contention that justice, not force, must be the underlying principle of our law. Yet I find his address on "Human Rights and the Law" (*LIFE*, July 1) anything but the "remarkable speech" the editors of *LIFE* have esteemed it to be. Either Judge Dore must be classed as a well-intentioned person of limited knowledge and superficial reasoning power or else he must be relegated to the ranks of those supercilious pedagogues who from the dawn of history have acted on the assumption that truth and morality are bitter medicines that cannot be swallowed by the common man unless artificially flavored with the palliatives of myth, taboo, ceremony, emotion and deceit...

Plato, Aristotle and Blackstone, he tells us, all recognized the beauty and majesty of natural law. What he does not tell us, though, is that to Plato natural law meant the abolishment of family life as the basis of society; that to Aristotle it affirmed the right of the strong to enslave the weak, and that to Blackstone it justified the burning of witches...

The impartial student of humanity is forced to draw the conclusion that morality, and thus the laws that are established to enforce it, vary with time, place and circumstance, and that like science they are undergoing a constant process of evolution and refinement. And just as in the field of science new ideas have been mocked, ridiculed and reviled by narrow minds which feared change—Galileo and Copernicus were slandered for blaspheming the great gods Aristotle and Ptolemy—so in the field of morality it is not surpris-

ing that we find brash souls like Judge Dore who do not hesitate to speak of eternal principles, absolute standards and divine constants.

RICHARD J. REED

Braintree, Mass.

Sirs:

... One of the most splendid articles ever published in your magazine... I would like to congratulate you...

JAMES R. P. NASON

New York, N.Y.

BALD EAGLES

Sirs:

Your article on the American bald eagle (*LIFE*, July 1) reminds me of some remarks made by Benjamin Franklin concerning that bird shortly after its adoption as the national emblem. Addressing a meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati, he said:

"For my part I wish that the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk, and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest... the



bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little kingbird... attacks him boldly... He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the kingbirds from our country... I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For in truth the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true native of America... He is besides (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards who should presume to invade his farmyard with a red coat on."

JAMES OWEN TRYON

Athens, N.Y.

Sirs:

The caption to one of Roger Tory Peterson's paintings of bald eagles states that a female bald eagle is approaching a nest. The bird pictured has a "bald," or white-feathered, head and a white tail. I am only 10 and have been studying birds for only two years but every book I've read states that the female bald eagle is brown all over and that only the male has a "bald" head. Even Audubon says so.

VAN LANGLEY

Manhasset, N.Y.

● The National Audubon Society admits that Audubon made occasional mistakes. Immature bald eagles have brown heads, but mature eagles of both sexes are bald.—ED.



MORE SPIRITED!

A planned ratio between motor and car weight gives Mercury its famous high-spirited liveliness. And it has such boundless reserve power!



MORE COMFORTABLE!

Adjustable wide seat moves upward and forward—to form the correct driving angle that's just right for you whether you're six feet or five.



MORE BEAUTIFUL!

Colorful two-tone interiors, new luxurious fabrics, new refinements, streamlined appointments. In beauty, too, Mercury definitely gives you more!

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH *Mercury*



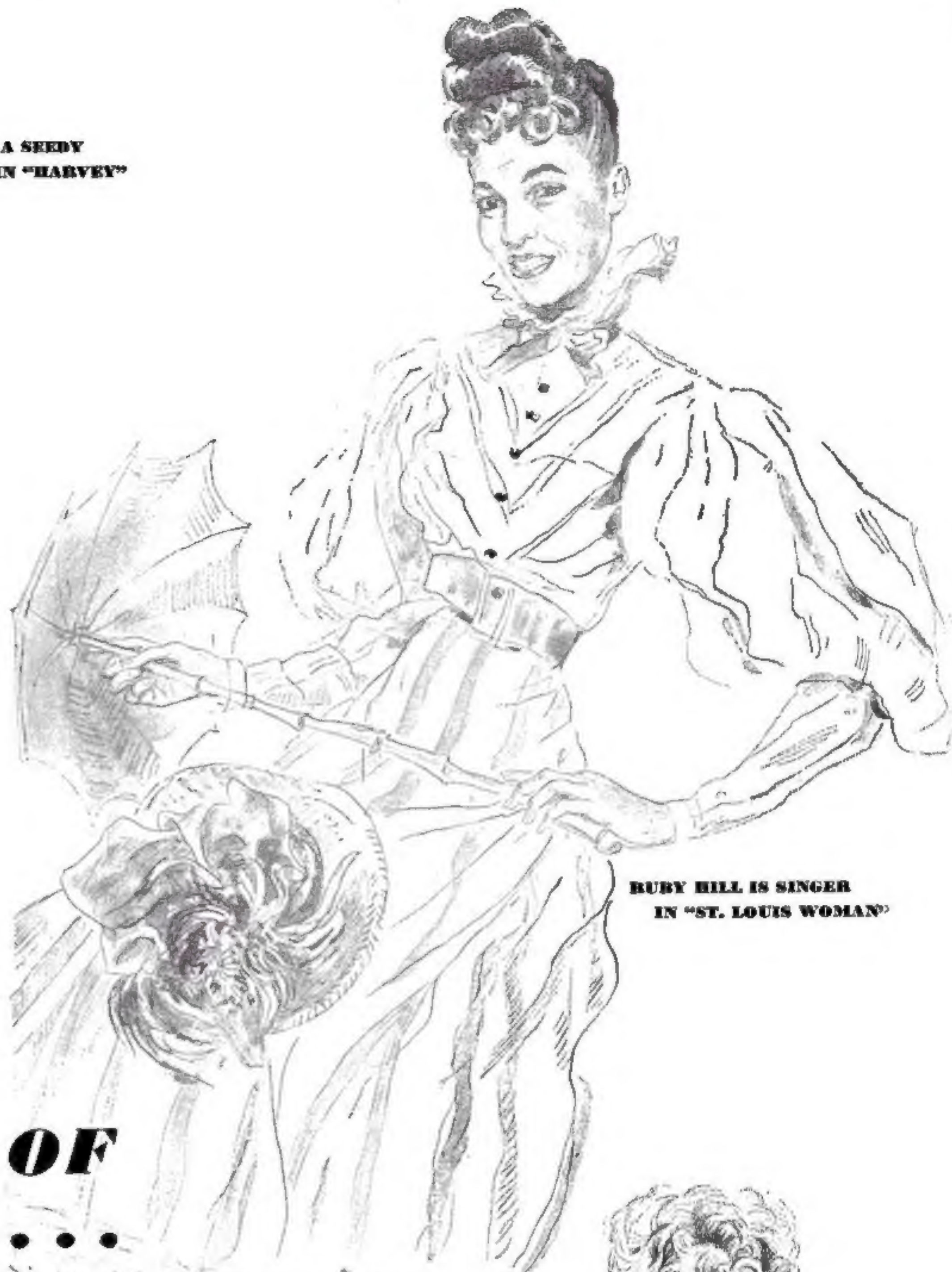
You feel a deep personal pride in your Mercury every time you see it. Such graceful, low-sweeping lines . . . and it's so big . . . so completely thrilling inside, too! Your pride of ownership never wears off. For the longer you pal around with your Mercury . . . the better you get to know it . . . the more you get to like it! For smartness—sm-o-o-th performance—all-round satisfaction—Mercury is the car that gives you *more* of everything you want!

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

TUNE IN... The FORD-Bob Crosby Show—CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10:00 P.M., E.D.T... The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P.M., E.D.T.



**FRANK FAY PLAYS A SEEDY
DRINKING MAN IN "HARVEY"**



**RUBY HILL IS SINGER
IN "ST. LOUIS WOMAN"**

← **KATHARINE CORNELL (OPPOSITE
PAGE) IS HEROINE OF "CANDIDA"**

SPEAKING OF PICTURES ...

... CECIL BEATON SKETCHES BROADWAY STARS

Outside his native England, Cecil Beaton is known chiefly for his lustrous camera portraits of the British royal family and the British upper classes. But Beaton's interests go beyond those of a photographer of the aristocracy. Much of his time and talent are devoted to the theater. He designed the current London revival of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* (LIFE, April 15) and the 1943 biographical film, *The Young Mr. Pitt*, which starred Robert Donat.

Being stage-struck, Beaton went to the theater a great deal when in New York last spring. LIFE asked him to sketch the actors and actresses who impressed him most in the various shows he saw. Readers will see from these pictures that Beaton's taste is catholic, ranging from Katharine Cornell's regal tenderness in *Candida* through the sexy gaiety of *St. Louis Woman's* Ruby Hill to the wistful kindliness of Frank Fay in *Harvey*.



**LAURETTE TAYLOR STARS
IN "THE GLASS MENAGERIE"**



**COMEDIENNE JUDY HOLLIDAY
PLAYS "GIN" IN "BORN YESTERDAY"**

"I'm feathering somebody else's nest!"



AREN'T MEN cute when they're baffled! Take this ex-Marine friend of my husband:

"His new bride's trekking East to join him. He's unearthed an apartment. And he doesn't know where to start, to fix it up!

"Well, the Marine can relax—I've landed! With everything from butter for the icebox to lovely smooth Cannon Percale Sheets for the beds!

"Those delicious Cannon beauties are what any bride would buy for *herself*! So soft and sweet-sleeping she can't *believe* the purse-pampering price. So wonderfully long-wearing, these Cannon Percale sheets, that she'll wonder where the years go to!

"Wait'll *this* bride hears what luck she's in!"



She'll say, "I bet Bill didn't pick these!" Takes a gal to notice the niceties of Cannon Percale Sheets—the snowy-whiteness, the fine, close weave, the firm, tiny-stitched hems. (Though even mere men can't miss the cool, snooze-inviting softness of Cannon Percales!)

She'll say, "But can we afford all this luxury?" And she'll beam all over when she hears the sense-making low price! No wonder Cannon Percale Sheets are top-favorites with smart young-marrieds!



She'll say, "Is percale practical?" Happy answer is yes, yes! Cannon Percale Sheets are light in weight—finely woven with 25% more threads than best-grade muslins. Bedmaking and home laundering are easier, by far! And Cannon Percales are wonders for wear!

She'll say, "What more should I know?" Well, honey-chile, that about does it. And if everything else slips the mind, the one thing to remember is: Look for the Cannon label and you'll always do yourself proud!



Cannon Percale Sheets

Cannon Towels • Stockings • Blankets ★ CANNON MILLS, INC., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

P.S. to smart gals: Look also for Cannon Muslin Sheets. Low priced, long-wearing—another real Cannon value.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



MILDRED NATWICK in *Candida* plays Prossy, the old-maidish secretary who loves Candida's husband in Shaw's comedy. Though he likes *Candida*, Beaton seems to prefer plays with gorgeous costumes and 18th Century interiors.



SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE plays Mr. Burgess, Candida's father. He had a big year on Broadway, also playing in Katharine Cornell's modern-dress production of Sophocles' *Antigone*, directing long-running revival of Shaw's *Pygmalion*.



You chased him behind that paper, Cookie

Underarm odor can make any man beat a hasty retreat

BAD ENOUGH to have him bury his head in the newspaper. But it's even worse when his silence says, "Keep your distance, darling!"

What a shame ever to let a fault like underarm odor come between a man and a loving little wife.

So easy, instead—and so smart—to re-

member that a bath only washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum protects your daintiness against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Just half a minute to make sure you're sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Creamy, snow-white Mum is harmless to skin and clothes. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Mum is quick, easy to use before or after dressing. So why take chances? Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

ENJOY...

America Outdoors!



Modern-designed, scientifically made,
AO Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keep your eyes in the "Safety Zone".



A Cool-Ray sun glasses

The smart style shown here,
\$3.50. Others, \$1.95 and up.

AO Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb both ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays, while admitting plenty of "seeing light" and providing the eyes with a "Safety Zone" in which they remain cool and comfortable.

American Optical

COMPANY

World's largest makers of ophthalmic materials



LIFE'S REPORTS



SEA WOMEN of Cheju-do, an island near Korea, change from dresses into cotton swimming suits. They dive for abalone, supply the island with sea food.

ISLAND OF AMAZONS

While women work, men of Cheju-do tend babies
by WILLIAM P. GRAY

SEOUL, KOREA

The exotic domains of American Military Government are scattered from Italy to Okinawa, but no other one of them is remotely like Cheju-do, a long green island some 50 miles off southern Korea. Once an island of amazons, it is still a limited matriarchy. The 40-odd GIs who are stationed there describe Cheju-do as "the place where the women do the work and the men tend the babies." This description neglects only to explain the background of this rare but seemingly happy balance in human affairs.

According to native legend it all started an indefinitely long time ago, in an event at least as spectacular as the recent atomic bomb blast at Bikini. As one chronicler of local mythology put it, "A huge commotion took place in the sea. . . . A great mountain arose, spouting fire." When the heat of this volcanic creation had subsided, three men named Ko, Yang and Pu came up out of three holes in the ground. Blinking at first, they looked over their fresh, bare land and found three women freshly arrived by sailboat. From their union, according to legend, descended the population of Cheju-do.

Whatever their true origin, the islanders long ago attained fame as seafarers. In the dim beginnings of Korean history—in the centuries around the beginning of the Christian era—it was recorded that "wherever you see the masts of ships you see men from Cheju-do." Like seafaring men of other lands, they left their wives at home and found girls in every port. Indeed they seem to have been as unfaithful a lot as ever paced a deck.

But the women of Cheju-do were not so patient or forgiving as the women of other lands. They found they could get along without men. They seized authority and property on the island and began treating the few male stragglers who remained as something inevitably underfoot, like snails.

The women recognized a biological need for men, however. Every spring they imported a stock of males who rode the choppy azure sea in small, straw-sailed boats from Korea's mainland. According to Korean history, which is often hard to distinguish from legend, they would fight like stags in spring for the choice of their trousered imports. They would yank out each other's sleek black tresses or even bash in their rivals' teeth with small volcanic boulders (a form of fighting that comes naturally on rocky Cheju-do). By the time the romantic season had spent itself, the males were probably quite happy to leave the amazon island, and that was indeed the amazons' idea. All boys who had reached the age of 13 were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

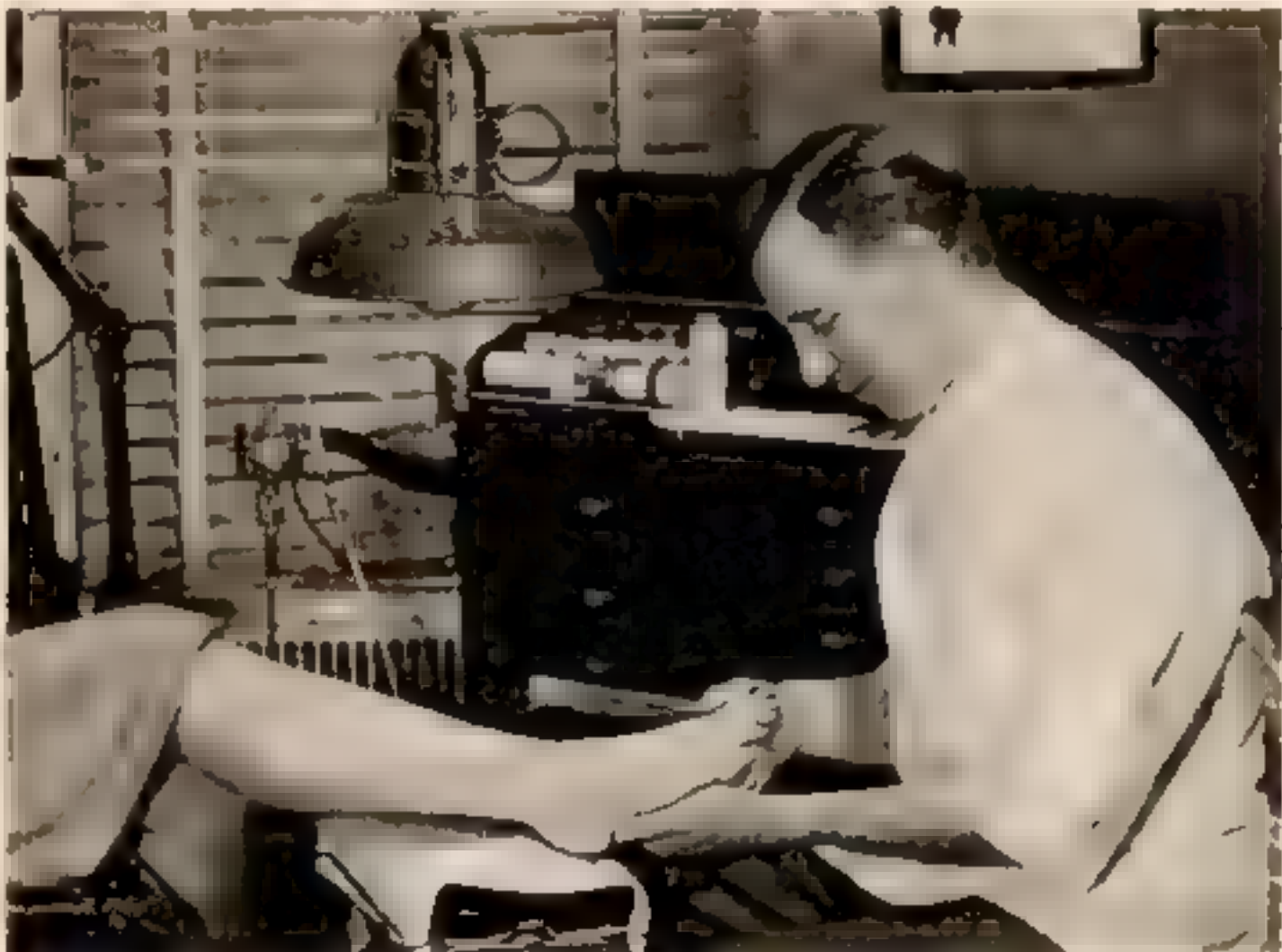
HOW TO FIGHT A. F. DANGER!



7 OUT OF 10 ADULTS get unsightly Athlete's Foot yearly, at worst in summer! Now Quinsana powder treatment is used by millions with great success.



WATCH OUT FOR DANGER SIGNALS of Athlete's Foot—cracks and peeling between toes, itching, soggy skin. To help prevent and relieve A. F., use Quinsana daily.



MOST CHIROPODISTS (FOOT SPECIALISTS) advise that entire family use soothing Quinsana fungicidal powder. Easy to use, helps keep feet in fine condition.



ATHLETE'S FOOT DISAPPEARED among practically all persons using Quinsana (in records of thousands). Quinsana used in the Armed Forces with wonderful results.



DO THIS EVERY DAY: Use Quinsana powder on feet, then in shoes (absorbs moisture, reduces chances of re-infection from your shoe linings). Pleasant to use.



USE ALSO FOR FOOT COMFORT, excessive perspiration and foot odor. Cooling to hot, tired feet. Get Quinsana powder now—economical. **THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

IT HAPPENS *Two seconds*— WITHIN

Within two seconds after hitting the water, champion swimmers kick at the amazing rate of 1290 times per minute...



MAKE THIS
GLASS-OF-WATER
TEST YOURSELF

Drop a Bayer Aspirin in a glass of water and see how quickly it starts disintegrating. It happens within *two seconds*! The same occurs in your stomach. That's why Bayer Aspirin gives you quick relief from ordinary headache.

Within two seconds after you take it, Bayer Aspirin actually is ready to go to work, to bring you

fast pain relief!



THREE important steps
...not just **ONE**...give **BAYER**
Aspirin its 2-second speed!

First, even though ready-made aspirin powder can be obtained from outside suppliers, Bayer makes its own instead, tests it, adds a highly effective binder.

Second, this powder is compressed into giant tablets (above, left) 18 times larger than normal. Third, these "giants" are crushed

back to powder, sifted, and then the familiar Bayer tablets millions know so well are finally made.

Bayer technicians *could* make aspirin tablets without taking all three steps. But because they *do* take them, Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work almost instantly. So be sure to ask for *Bayer Aspirin*.

ALWAYS
ASK FOR
GENUINE

Bayer Aspirin

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

sent along, too, so that adolescent infiltration would never dilute the female rule.

Politics finally cracked the rule of Cheju-do's women—cracked but never demolished it. The change toward a more normal balance apparently began early in the Yi dynasty, shortly before Columbus discovered America. Korean histories record that in that period Korea's rulers, observing that no prisoner could swim the 50 miles from Cheju-do to the mainland, turned Cheju-do into a penal colony for political prisoners. The prisoners, often men of wealth, moved their families and their customs to Cheju-do. As was inevitable, the two societies started to blend.

Today men are quite at home on Cheju-do, but the women still dominate in numbers and in economic influence. For every 87 men there are 100 women. Anywhere else in Korea girls live under the strict protection of their families, but on Cheju-do, even before marriage, women have full freedom to leave home and decide their own careers. And the elite career, the work that still symbolizes the matriarchy and the economic dominance of women, is the ancient career of the *hah-nyuh*, the "sea woman."

At least 10,000 of Cheju-do's women are *hah-nyuh*. Sturdy, brown, happy descendants of the amazons, they are expert professional divers. The Japanese hired them as pearl divers. On Cheju-do they dive for "sea grass" (kelp), which provides food and potash, and for abalone, whose meat is excellent food and whose shell is lined with thick mother-of-pearl—the makings of a button industry which is Cheju-do's only important manufacturing venture.

Each day at low tide scattered groups of the sea women leave their villages and walk through green fields of new barley, down rocky paths shaded by pines and maidenhair trees toward the beaches, where they change into tight, cotton swimming suits. In these post-war times if American visitors are around, their quick-change act is accompanied by a tittering more coy than amazonian. Their whole latter-day approach to the subject of the sexes was illustrated by a comment from my interpreter when I visited Cheju-do a few weeks ago.

A group of about 10 of us, mostly Americans in uniform, started afoot toward a beach where we could see a cluster of *hah-nyuh* perched on a black, rocky point above the sea. I suggested to the interpreter that perhaps we would frighten them.

"At first," he said, "they'll think it is rape. They will be ashamed if it is and disappointed when it isn't." This peculiar alternative of reactions, he explained, had nothing to do with American behavior on Cheju-do but was simply the nature of its women.

In the water the *hah-nyuh* are magnificent athletes. Even in January when the water is frigid, they continue to dive, marching stolidly in single file into the crystal sea. While diving, they store their catches in rope nets suspended in the water from large round gourd floats. The sea women carry small sickles to cut sea grass and pry tenacious abalone from the ocean floor. Formerly, according to an earlier observer, they used this weapon on men "when annoyed." After a sea woman has stayed underwater for half a minute or more she lunges upward for air, sucking it in with an odd whistling sound as she surfaces. As once described, this "monotonous whistling in different keys" was used "to warn chance men in the fishing boats to keep their distance."

The men are handy around the house

While the sea women earn their families' living, their husbands handle the children. If a baby's nursing time happens to coincide with the end of low tide, the father simply delivers the child to the mother as she returns, dripping and cold, with her afternoon catch to the shoreside bonfire.

It is physically impossible, Cheju-do people say, for men to stand the rigors of diving. But it is not altogether clear why Cheju-do's men do not accept some of the less rigorous work still normally handled by the women. For example, when men and women go to market together, the women usually shoulder the loads; walking a few miles with 100 pounds on her back is not unusual for a Cheju-do woman. In the island's three principal towns, now that the war is over, Cheju-do's males are inclined to want to "take a vacation," since the Japanese utilized their manpower with untraditional vigor. The women have asked no such favors. Either the strong grip of tradition holds them to their accustomed burdens, or their men are slyly exploiting an ancient womanly pride in amazonian abilities. The latter seems very likely, and if it is true, then feminists everywhere should view the situation with alarm. As one American remarked, "If men can exploit women on Cheju-do, after all these centuries, they can do it anywhere."

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LIFE'S COVER

Walter Douglas, 85 years with the Whitney family, rides behind pretty Mrs. Whitney on the North Shore of Long Island (pp. 79-83).

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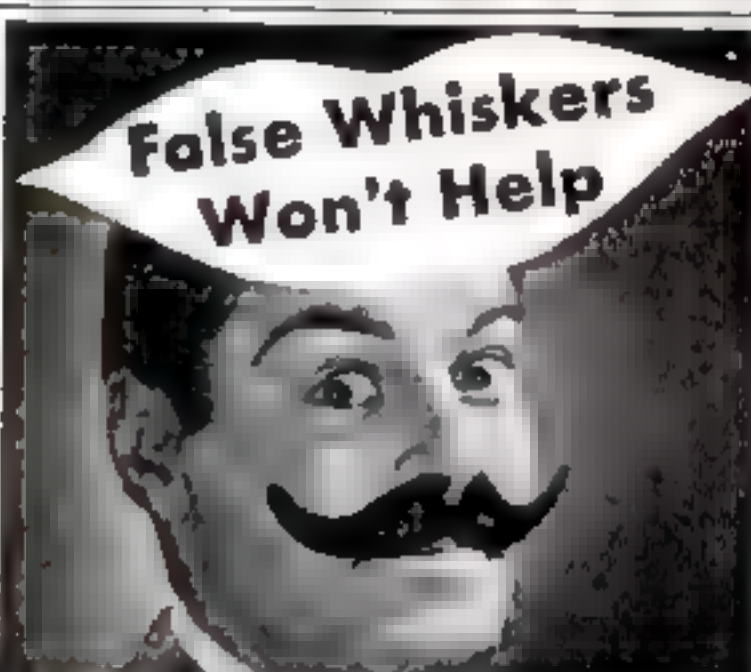
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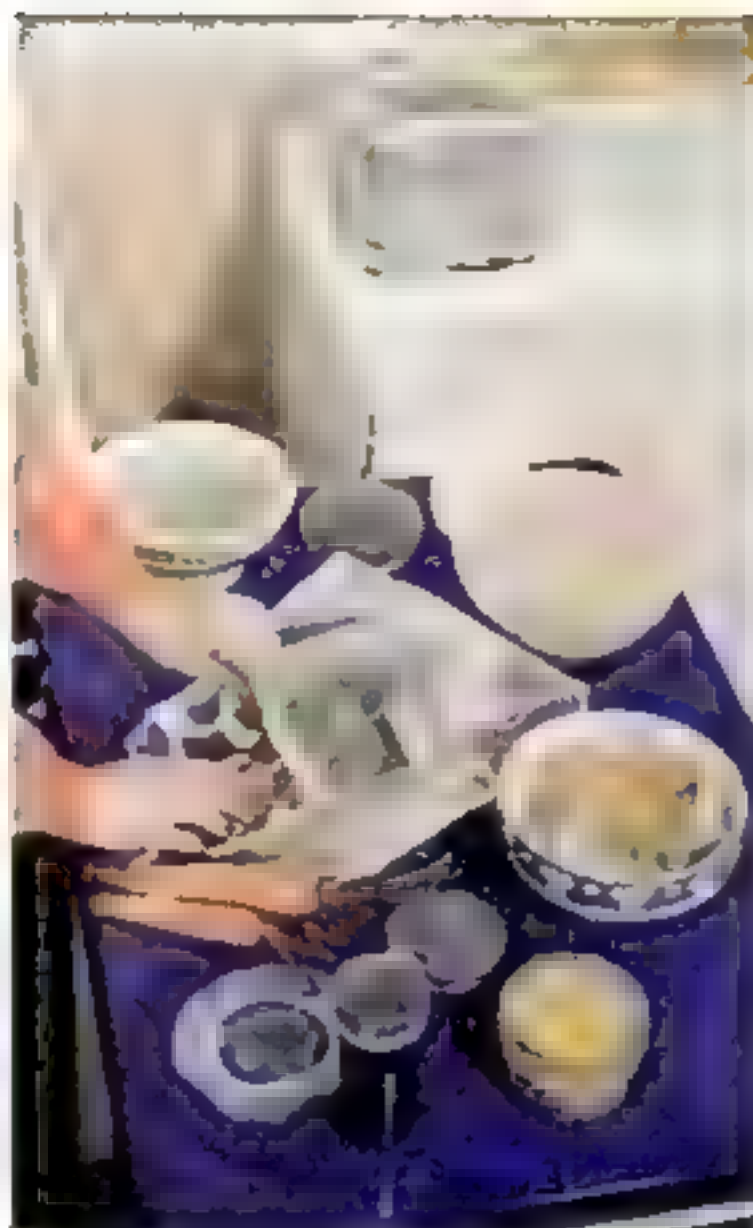
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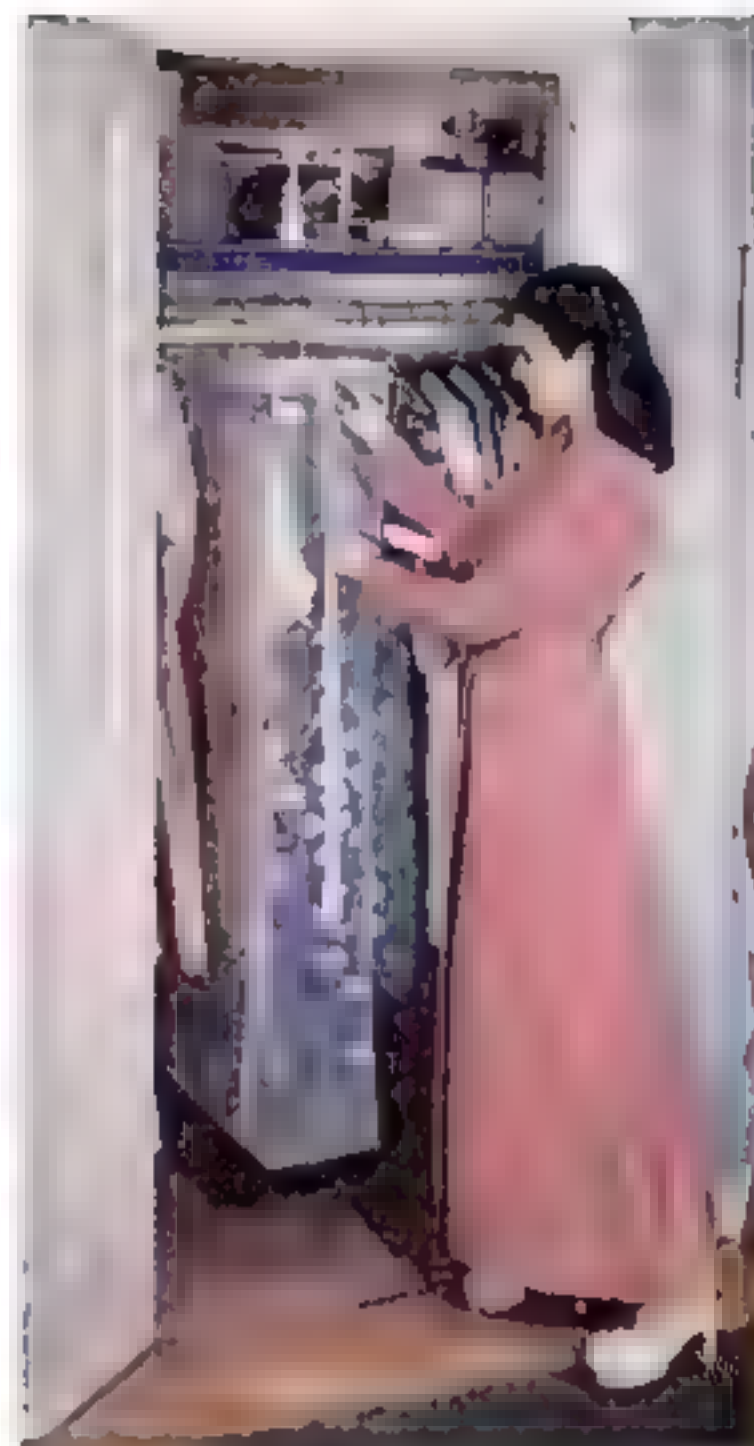
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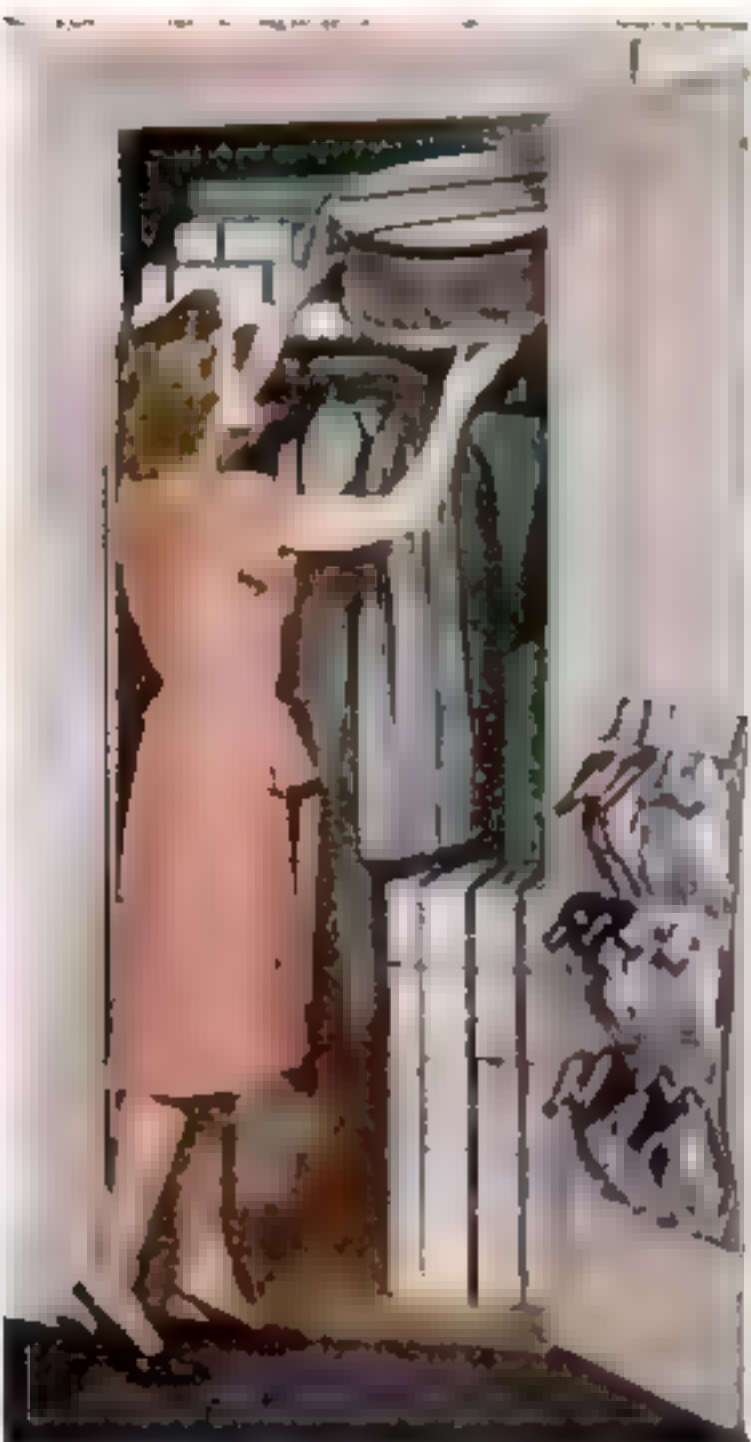
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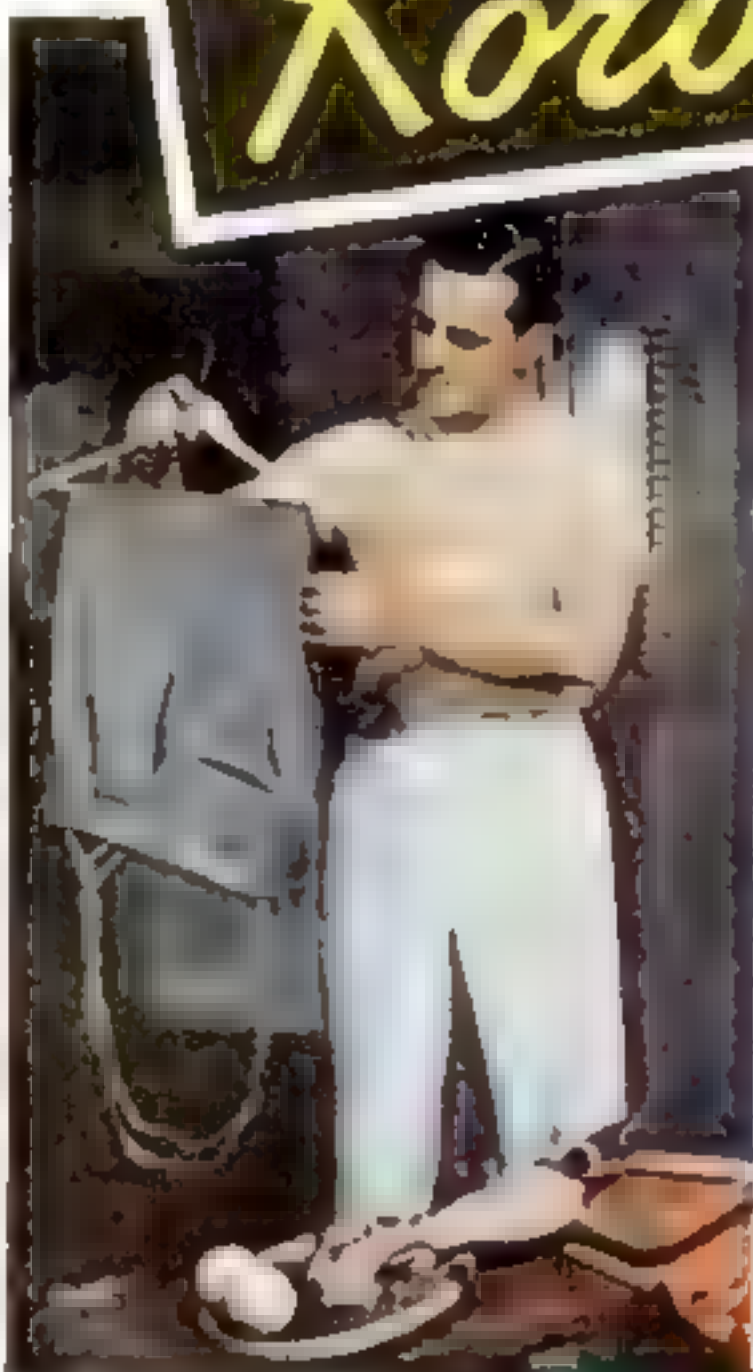
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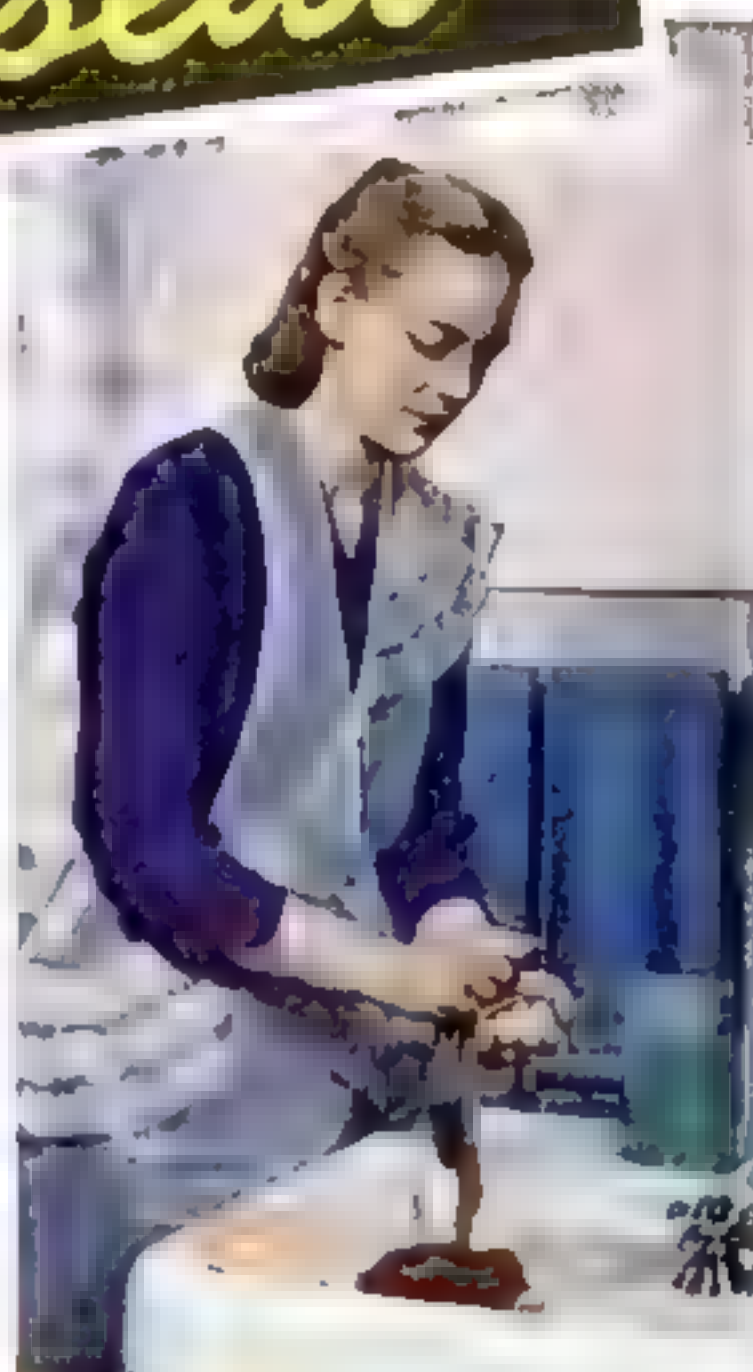
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LIFE'S PICTURES

Nina Leen, Russian-born photographer who in the past six years has taken pictures for LIFE ranging from dogs and fashions to skeletons and actresses, worked for five successive weekends on her story of Long Island's North Shore (pp. 73-83). Although she lost part of a beautiful suntan during this assignment, Miss Leen enjoyed Long Island, added another to her steadily growing list of studies of American life.

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cool as coral Why not—when her

complexion affects that delicate,

coral-like glow . . . when her mouth is

one smooth, coral-bright curve. . .

She looks, feels, is completely beautiful—

and why not, indeed, when clearly

she's learned to "Color-light"!



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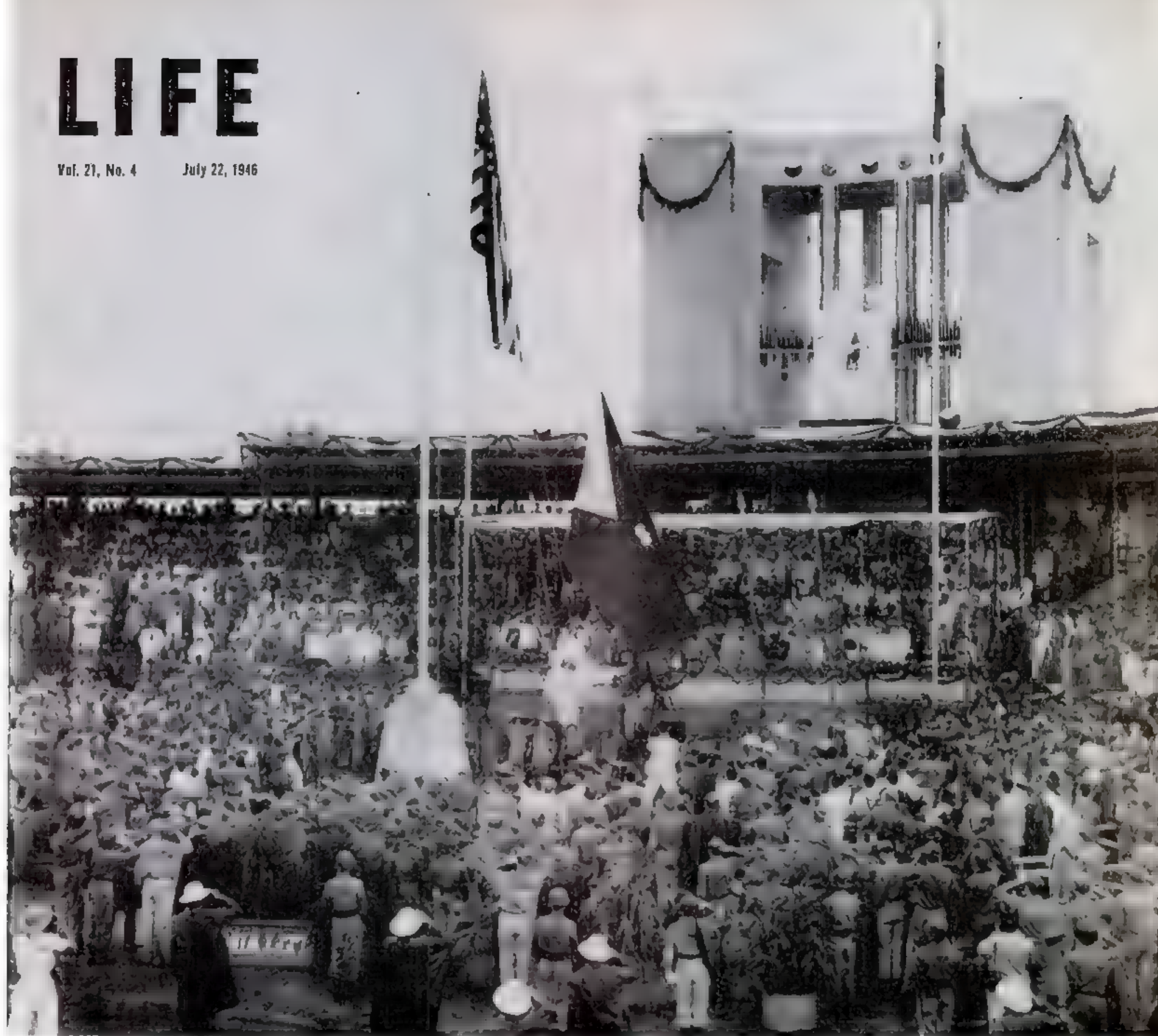


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LIFE

Vol. 21, No. 4

July 22, 1946



FROM A SHIP-SHAPED ROSTRUM IN MANILA'S LUNETTA PARK, PAUL V. McNUTT LOWERS THE AMERICAN FLAG AS PRESIDENT ROXAS RAISES THE FILIPINO FLAG

NEW REPUBLIC IS BORN IN PHILIPPINES

July 4 became Independence Day for another nation, the new Republic of the Philippines. On a rostrum shaped to represent the new ship of state, U.S. Ambassador Paul McNutt gently lowered the Stars and Stripes. Then Philippine President Manuel Roxas raised the flag of the new republic (red, white and blue with a golden sun and three golden stars).

This was an event without real precedent in the history of nations. It was no less than the U.S. had intended since it won the islands from Spain in

1898, no less than it had promised in the Tydings-McDuffie Act of 1934. In that easy isolationist era, however, no man had foreseen that by 1946 the Philippines would be weak from the devastation of war, the U.S. the transcendent power of the whole Pacific. Yet America, true to her word, and the Filipinos, true to their long hope of freedom, faithfully and solemnly carried out their joint plans to launch the new republic. Said President Roxas, "The American flag flies more triumphantly today than ever before in history."

LIFE INTERNATIONAL

This week for the first time LIFE International—the new, fortnightly edition of LIFE designed for worldwide distribution—starts on its way to some 70 nations around the globe outside the U.S. and Canada. During the war as many as 800,-

000 weekly copies of an adless, thin-paper LIFE were distributed to the U.S. Armed Forces overseas and were seen by citizens of almost every nation on earth. The result was a flood of requests—and LIFE International (see the advertisement on page 95).



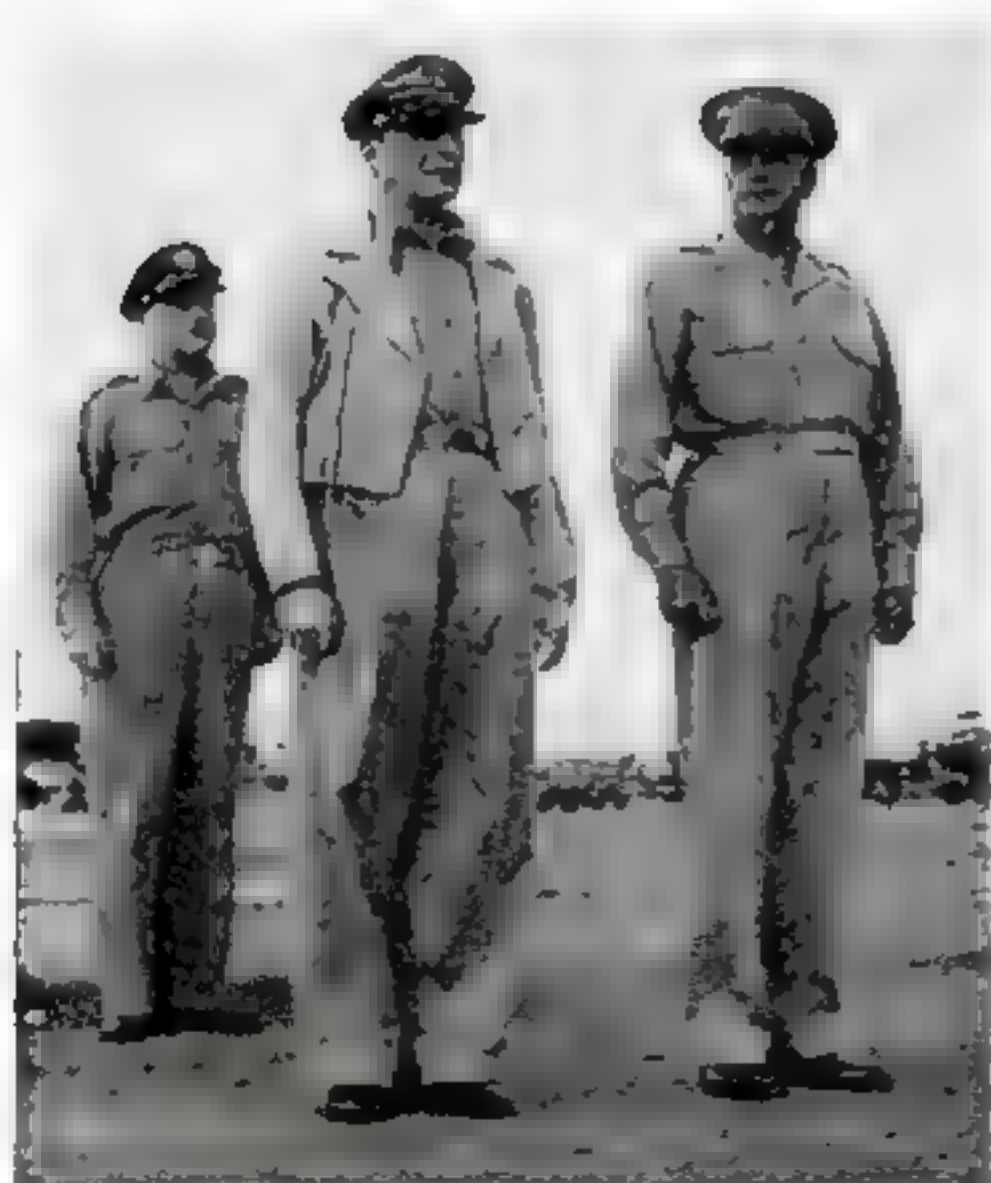
AS FLAGS OF THE TWO NATIONS PARADE BY, U.S. ARMY EQUIPMENT, WORTH ABOUT \$50,000,000, IS FORMALLY PRESENTED TO THE NEWLY SEPARATED PHILIPPINE ARMY

U.S. STILL EXERTS MUCH INFLUENCE AND HAS GREAT INTEREST IN PHILIPPINES

It took four days of parades, speeches and ceremonies to transfer sovereignty of the Philippine archipelago from the U.S. to the new republic. The Philippine army was honorably discharged as part of the U.S. Army and took on an independent status of its own. A brand-new foreign office was set up, foreign guests were wined and dined, and an Independence Tree was planted in front of the City Hall.

The U.S. still keeps some silken strings of influ-

ence threaded to the infant republic. Through the Bell Act, pushed through the Philippine legislature by the Roxas government, American industry gets an inside track in the islands. The U.S. Army will maintain military establishments and the U. S. State Department will lend a helping hand in foreign policy at least until Filipino diplomats are trained. Despite these strings most Filipinos were content with the freedom they had sought for more than 40 years.



MACARTHUR arrives at Nichols Field to be met by Lieut. General Styer as guest at independence ceremonies.



MRS. MACARTHUR and Roxas smilingly watch air-sick young son Arthur being carried from plane by aides.



MACARTHUR SPEAKS on July 4, calling the day a "turning point in the agelong struggle of man for liberty."



PRESIDENT ROXAS of the new Philippine Republic stands alone in main reception room of Malacanang Pal-

ace against famous chandeliers. He was born in town of Capiz on Panay Island 54 years ago, several months after

his father had been shot by Spaniards for preaching revolt. Late President Quezon trained him for presidency.



STATE DINNER at Malacañan Palace, residence of president, was held in honor of official delegates from 24 nations and other distinguished guests attending ceremonies.



FASHION SHOW MODEL, who is one of group of aristocratic debutantes, wins applause of General MacArthur and other guests at the reception held after the dinner.



PRESIDENT'S PALACE, which was once residence of Spanish governors, is all lighted up and decorated in expectation of Manila's Filipino and American society lead-

ers arriving for official reception. This reception, the most glittering ever held in Manila, consisting of an official ball and fashion show, topped the Independence Day activities.



FOURTH OF JULY fireworks, very much like those in the U.S., are shot into the air around the sunken gardens of the palace grounds that evening, at the time when the offi-

cial dinner for the delegates began. Two hours later a searchlight and fireworks display was held by all ships of U.S. Navy anchored in Manila Harbor, within sight of Bataan.



SECRET ARMS, MOSTLY JAPANESE, GIVEN UP BY SOME MEMBERS OF GUERRILLA BANDS, ARE INSPECTED BY INTERIOR SECRETARY ZULUETA AND BRIG. GENERAL PERALTA



HUK LEADER Luis Taruc talks politics in his brother's tailor shop. Able, self-made son of a poor peasant, he says that he is leading a peasant revolt to get them more land.

UNDERGROUND ARMIES, RUINED INDUSTRIES ARE PART OF NEW REPUBLIC'S BIRTHRIGHT

Behind the façade of glory, the beating of drums, the changing of flags and the rich speechmaking, the young Philippine Republic has come into some very full-grown troubles. Most urgent problem is that of the Hukbalahaps, poor peasants led by Communists who have set up an independent government in central Luzon around Mt. Arayat. Armed with guns they captured from the Japanese occupiers during the war, they raid the countryside at night, seizing young peasants by force to fill their own ranks. So great is the terror that thousands of peasant families stream into the towns at night to escape the marauders. Currently the Huks, who supported Osmeña against Roxas for president and who say the Philippine army's military police in central Luzon are mostly former collaborationists, refuse to lay down their arms until the Roxas government yields to them on the seating of seven leftist delegates in the recently elected legislature.

Beyond this immediate political crisis lie enormous problems of reconstruction. The Japanese defense of the Philippines left most of Manila in ruins with industries stopped and crops unplanted. The Japs killed off many farm animals for food. This meant that the hungry peasants had to eat their patient water buffalo. Now there are not enough draft animals left to work the land. Two fifths of the rice, the staff of every Filipino's life, must now be imported. Even with peace and plenty of capital from the U.S., it will take years to make the islands as well off as they were under American rule before the war.



SENTRIES OVERLOOK SPANISH WALL OF OLD CITY
AND RUINS OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS OUTSIDE IT

PEACEMAKING

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS HAVE AGREED ON A PEACE CONFERENCE; BUT WHAT ABOUT GERMANY?

It is a startling commentary on our times that the fact that a peace conference is to be held in Paris on July 29, ending war between the 21 Allies and the five German satellites, almost prompts the use of the word miraculous. Only a short time ago Georges Bidault of France confided to friends that the second conference of the foreign ministers in Paris was close to disaster. He feared that the U.S. delegation, weary of endless Russian quibblings, would fly home in a huff, leaving Europe in its most uncertain diplomatic state since Munich. Bidault was, of course, expressing one of Europe's chief fears: that the U.S. will return to isolationism, abandoning Europe to chaos and probably communism.

Stature of Byrnes

But France's president and foreign minister reckoned without the immense patience and immutable firmness with which U.S. Secretary of State Byrnes executed his country's policy of "patience and firmness" toward Russia. European observers who complained in 1919 about the mental slowness and lack of flexibility of Wilson, Lansing and Colonel House are now in open admiration for the agile, sometimes blunt, sometimes charming way in which Byrnes and his U.S. team patiently, firmly chip away at the problems of the world. As Ernest Levin remarked, "I just sit and listen and know that if I fall back on the wisdom of the U.S. I will be right. If Jim hasn't got a formula, someone will be sitting right behind him with one."

From what can be pieced together of the reports and whispers, and not least from the results, Byrnes went to Molotov privately and told him he was weary of the shadowboxing and would play the game no longer. He wanted the stumbling block, Trieste, removed and he wanted a date set for a peace conference with the German satellites. He wanted both quickly. The alternative would be for the U.S. and Britain to make a separate peace with Italy under which Italy would keep Trieste, and the security of the port would be guaranteed by, among other things, the U.S. Navy, currently represented there by the cruiser U.S.S. *Fargo*. Molotov, who up to that minute had been the tough talker, began to wilt.

As Byrnes reported to the American people when he came home from the first Paris conference late in May, Trieste was the tough nut to crack. Yugoslavia naturally expected to get this rich Italian prize. It is no secret that Russia had promised to support Yugoslavian demands. Since Yugoslavia has been the nation outside Russia to register most enthusiasm for Russian ideology, Trieste became the symbol of whether or not friendship with the Bear paid off.

Into this deadlock stepped the nimble wits of Georges Bidault. France may be materially impoverished, its gilt and trappings tarnished, but the glory of France is resurgent in her diplomacy. Bidault adroitly proposed that Trieste be given to no one. Instead he urged it be placed under international control. Senator Vandenberg offered the clarifying suggestion that it be placed under United Nations trusteeship for the time being.

The final solution for Trieste is not yet clear,

but Bidault's expedient, along with the Russian acceptance of the temporary arrangement on Tripolitania and the Italian colonies and concession of the demilitarized Dodecanese to Greece, relieves for the present the West's fear that Russia may enter the Mediterranean.

Russia won out on her insistence for \$100,000,000 in reparations from Italy, but this will be paid partly in Italian naval and cargo vessels, with guarantees that reparations will not simply be an outpouring of what Britain and the U.S. pour in. Thus Byrnes did not lose on his major point of objection to Italian reparations.

Such is the measure of what has been done in Paris, and on the record it would appear that Russia has made most of the concessions. But Moscow was so concerned lest even these arrangements be overturned by the forthcoming peace conference that Molotov was sent back to the conference table to win safeguards. In one of the most peculiar diplomatic sessions of modern times Molotov, under iron directives from Moscow and exuding, as an observer said, great blobs of gray sweat, was reduced, like a bumbling character from Dostoevsky, to muttering repetitiously that he didn't want the peace conference to be a "rubber stamp." Yet that is precisely what Russia did want. It wanted the peace conference so set up that it could do little more than swallow the dose the foreign ministers had concocted. Russia did not prevail. The foreign ministers are pledged to recommend their findings but not to jam them down anybody's throat.

What to Expect

It will be a peace conference, and an important one, but it would be wrong to class the July 29 meeting with the Paris Conference of 27 years ago. The coming conference is to conclude peace with Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Finland. It will not make a treaty with Austria. Most vital, it will not grapple with the German peace. And the German settlement, of course, is the central and really controlling question for the peace and prosperity of all Europe. When one considers that since the Franco-Prussian War, Germany has been the pulsing economic heart of Europe, the present tangle in that country is appalling in its effects throughout all Europe and not least in France, which is so dependent on German coal. In London there are some who say that the fact the foreign ministers let the German situation persist for four more weeks while they debated the items of satellite peace offsets the gains of the settlements. That is too extreme a view. But British taxpayers are already restive over an occupation that is costing them at least £80,000,000 a year. U.S. taxpayers may also soon complain of pouring at least \$200,000,000 yearly into a land that should not only be self-supporting but actually contributing to the living standards of all Europe.

Poultry or Eggs?

The four powers have tried dividing up the bird and they are finding the pickings poor. It is time now to try putting it together again to see if they cannot at least apportion some eggs. The

powers, excepting France, which has insisted on separation of the Ruhr into an international zone, are now agreed on paper but not in practice that they must in some way treat Germany as an economic whole. But France still asks for settlement, one way or the other, of her demands for internationalization of the Ruhr and Rhineland. And France is adamant on wanting the Saar. Molotov has spoken of setting up a central administration as "a transitional step toward the establishment of a future German government." But in the final session of the foreign ministers' conference he eliminated any prospect of immediate action by saying the Russians would require "considerable time" for studying the Saar proposals.

In a surprising reversal of recent Russian policy Molotov spoke of raising the limits on German production. His statement might be taken as a bid for popularity among the German people, but it was preceded by a Russian demand for \$10 billion in reparations and the proposal that occupation armies remain and the zones be preserved until it is paid. Some estimates have run up to 80 or 100 years for such occupation and repayment.

The Job

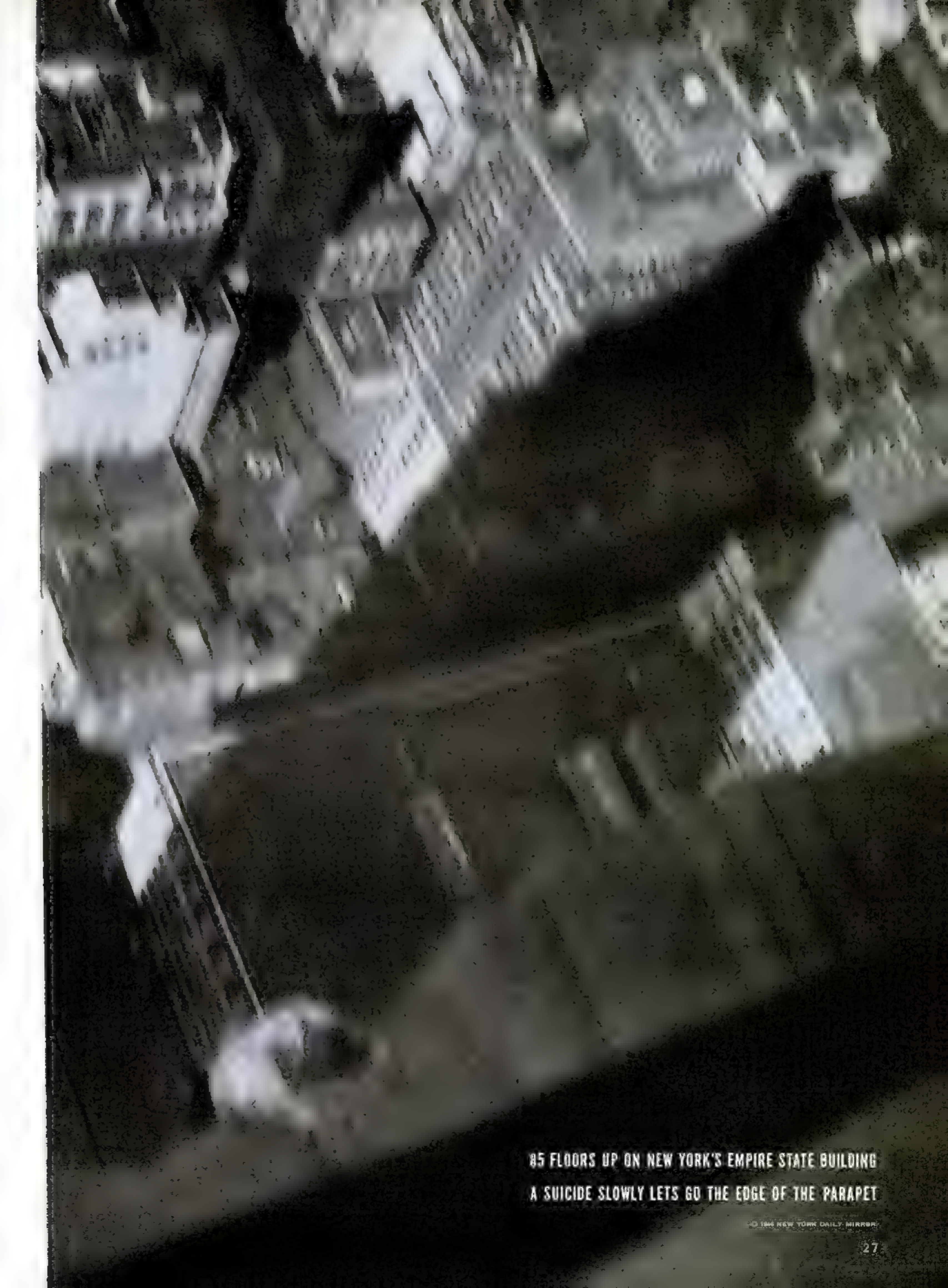
The obvious requirement is to make Germany economically strong but militarily weak. This may prove a rather difficult trick, but that is the job and we must be about it. The urgency is so great that it is bound to erupt in one way or another during the coming peace conference. Byrnes has suggested that the nations appoint deputies to discuss the question, and from such discussion it is likely that either a wider area of agreement will be found or it may only be that a distribution of disagreements, making all concerned equally unhappy, will be possible.

There is a grimness today, and a great heaviness, which is not exclusive to the vanquished. Yet the people of Europe, so long deluded, ensnared, oppressed, starved, battle-wearied, bled and overrun, need nothing so much as peace and the chance to live a little further removed from hunger and cold and bleak and hopeless futures. Americans have humanitarian interests in this and, remembering the contagious qualities of strife, a selfish interest.

So we must go through with these interminable conferences. More than that, we must make the best of them and make the best of their results. For we would not have this period go down in history as the time of the Great War and the Petty Peace.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

On a sunny Sunday afternoon a fortnight ago J. Royce Ellington, a Greenville, S.C. sales promoter on his first trip to New York, went up to the observation tower of the Empire State Building to take a snapshot of the city's skyline. What he got instead was this dramatic news picture. Another visitor to the tower jumped over the side, hit a ledge one floor below, then crawled to the edge and hauled himself over it. With remarkable presence of mind, Ellington aimed his little \$3 camera and photographed the horrifying split second before suicide.



85 FLOORS UP ON NEW YORK'S EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
A SUICIDE SLOWLY LETS GO THE EDGE OF THE PARAPET

© 1966 NEW YORK DAILY MIRROR

EAST-WEST CROQUET

Hart beats Zanuck in bitter clash

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN FELDMAN
TEXT AND CAPTIONS BY MOSS HART

(The following account of the recent East-West Croquet Match in Palm Springs, Calif., including picture captions, was written for LIFE by Playwright Moss Hart, one of the contestants.)

Croquet hit Hollywood last winter and, in typical Hollywood fashion, it hit hard. "Discovered" by Producer Darryl Zanuck, it swept over the glamour boys and girls like a brush fire. Last week, when the East-West championship was played off between

Zanuck's team for the West and Moss Hart's for the East, all work stopped and the betting was high and handsome. Far from a child's diversion, croquet played correctly is a fascinating adult game, requiring skill, stamina and iron nerves. For years in the East its high priest was the late Alexander Woolcott, who ruled croquet with an iron hand. It is played with bitterness and passion by such competitors as Herbert Bayard Swope, Averell Harriman,



TEAMS POSE before match. Darryl F. Zanuck and Director Howard Hawks (left) played for West against Agent Fefe Ferry, Moss Hart, Tyrone Power. Match was played at the Hawks ranch with gallery of 300 of the movie set.



ZANUCK SHOTS for his first wicket with Hart standing well away to avoid upsetting his aim. Zanuck always insists on complete silence, though Hart was heard to mutter several times, "Well, he can't retake that shot!"



HART INSTRUCTS POWER on an intricate bit of strategy. Croquet requires chesslike planning as well as accuracy. Each team has a long-range plan of attack and defense, may easily lose if an important shot goes wrong.



"CROQUET PAIN" is felt by Zanuck. He is called the Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang of the game, savagely questions each and every move of his opponents and passionately rejects any explanation they may try to give.



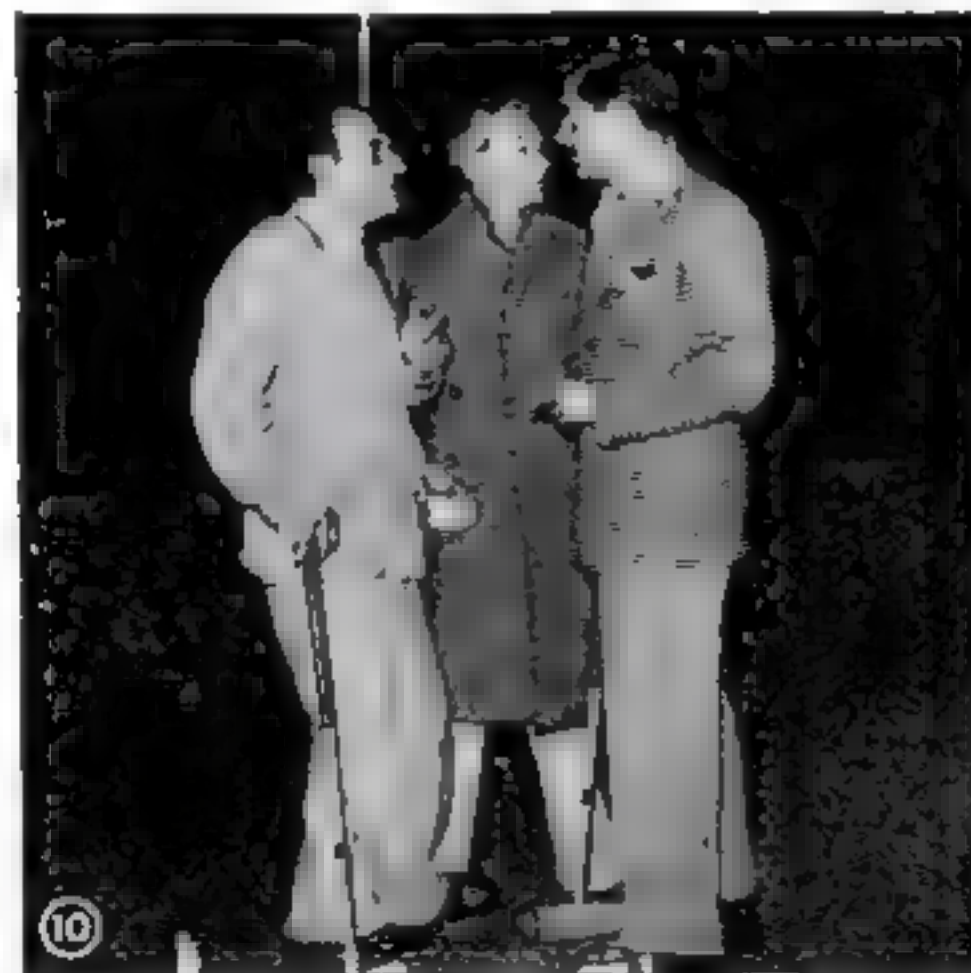
HAWKS AND ZANUCK have decided on a tactic and Hawks is about to drive an East ball away. Every shot was a D-day for them, every wicket a life-and-death proposition. It took more than 11 hours to play two games.



HART DRIVES a ball. Once last summer he attempted a "tight croquet"—placing his foot on his own ball and driving an opponent's ball away. Hart swung hard, missed the ball, hit his foot and spent six weeks on crutches.



IN NIGHT GAME, played under floodlights, Hawks and Zanuck lead off for West. After winning first game, they became drunk with success and lost control very early to Hart and Power, never regaining it thereafter.



CLIFTON WEBB (center), a loyal Easterner, talks strategy with Hart and Power. After Zanuck complained, he was stopped from advising, became a Westerner whether he liked it or not. Webb bet and won on East, however.



WINNING DRIVE to the stake is aimed by Hart. Toward the end every shot counts. Power had already finished and West would have won had Hart missed. He claimed stake was over near Pasadena, but hit it anyway.

George S. Kaufman, Vincent Astor, the Richard Rodgers'. English sets are used, with wickets just wide enough for the ball.

The East-West match was set off by a letter from Hart to Zanuck which insultingly questioned the merits of Western players. Hart was quickly challenged to defend or eat his words. Three games were played and East, astutely led by Hart, won two of them. The victor complained bitterly about the size of the championship cup, which is hardly visible to the naked eye. Covered with shame, Mr. Zanuck has promised to donate a proper symbol of the historic victory.



POWER MAKES THE SHOT discussed in picture No. 3. It was a crucial play. To make sure Power would drive the ball as far as possible, Hart softly whispered, "Remember *Daytime Wife*," a very bad picture produced by Zanuck with Power as star. Aroused, Power really whacked the ball.



DISTRUSTFUL ZANUCK examines opponent's ball to make sure it is through the wicket. Though a neophyte at the game, Zanuck has true croquet spirit. He trusts no one but himself, never concedes—no matter how far behind he may be—and hates his opponents with an all-enduring hate.



CUP IS PRESENTED to victorious Moss Hart by barefoot Mrs. Howard Hawks. Note microscopic size of the trophy. Hart complained loudly and remarked that, coming as it did from the land of ermine-lined swimming pools, a cup of this size was a gratuitous insult to the proud East.



POWER MARKS UP each team's "deadness" on the scoreboard. In the East croquet always is played without a scoreboard, for the players trust each other's memory. Not so in Hollywood. There no one is trusted by anyone and sometimes even the scorekeeper is challenged.



HOWARD HUGHES (right) was in the gallery with Peggy Cummins, once cast as Amber. This was the day before his plane crashed. Reginald Gardiner is at left.



SAMUEL GOLDWYN and Restaurateur Mike Romanoff (right) were heavy betters. Goldwyn won on East.

CLIFTON WEBB AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR. JOIN ZANUCK-HART POST-MORTEM SESSION





MIRACLE credited to the new saint was depicted on giant canvas carried by Vatican attendants. Baby picture, whose sight was restored, still lives in New York.



SAINT'S SKELETON is preserved in New York school named for her. Mother Cabrini died at 67, but wax face mask depicts her at 35. Some of her bones were sent to churches she built.

AMERICAN SAINT

Mother Cabrini is first citizen of U.S. to be canonized in Rome

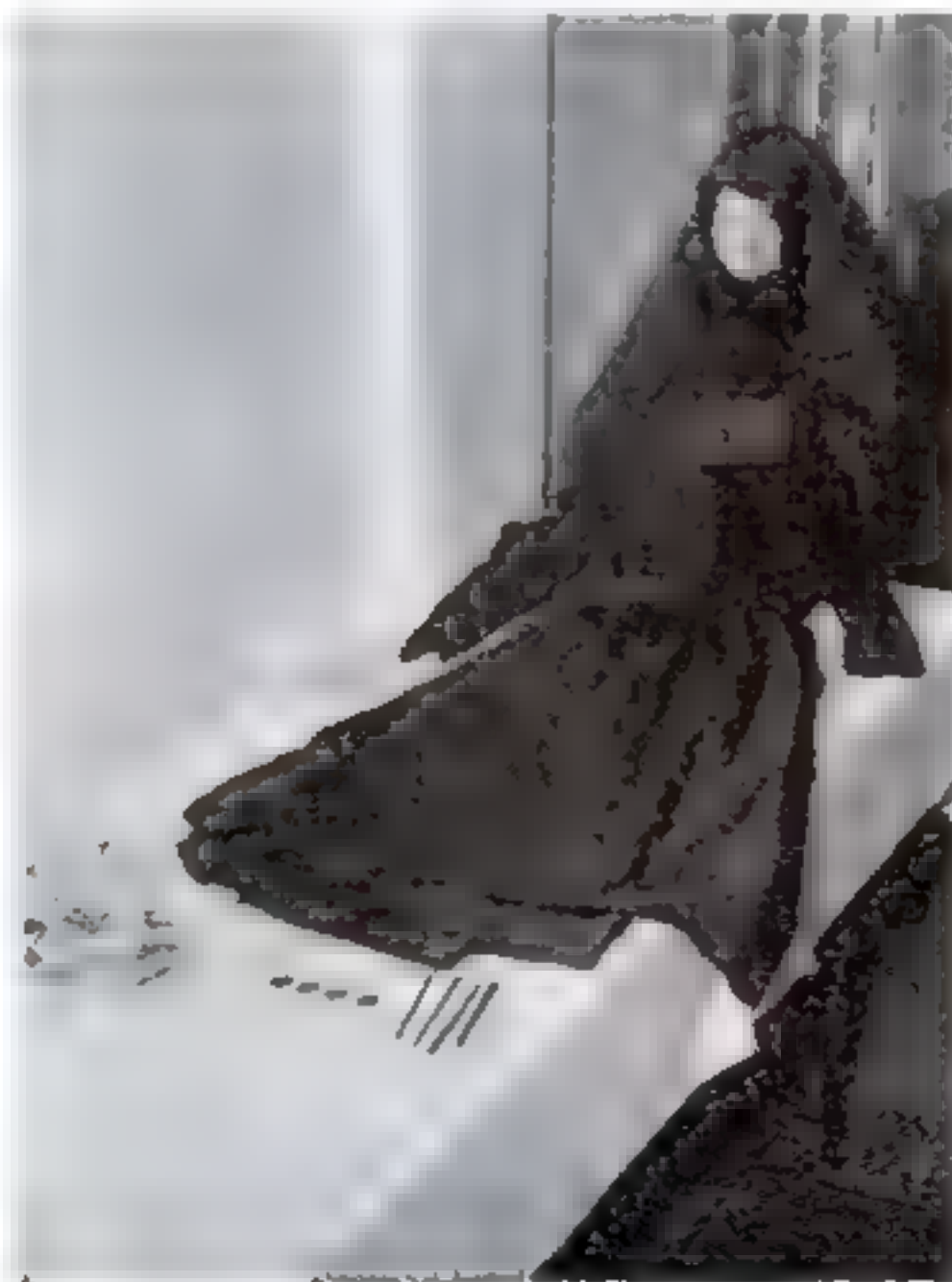
A gentle little Italian nun, Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, who came to America as a missionary in 1889 and adopted this country as her home, was officially named a saint last week, the first U. S. citizen thus honored by the Roman Catholic Church.

Sainthood is recognized only after long trials prove that the candidate possessed exceptional virtues and performed first-class miracles. (Joan of Arc's canonization was debated for 500 years.) But

Mother Cabrini was canonized St. Frances Xavier less than 29 years after she died in Chicago. Of the four required miracles most famous ascribed to her consisted in restoring sight to a newborn baby after a tired nurse burned his eyeballs by an overdose of silver nitrate. Once, needing \$195,000 for a hospital, Mother Cabrini wrote the sum under a statue of Virgin's gaze (*below*), got a loan for the amount from a local banker who telephoned her instead of two hours.



HANDWRITING of saint is saved on Seattle statue on which she wrote her request for \$195,000 for sanitarium.



RELICS of saint, including her habit and four medals given her by Pope Pius X, are held by New Orleans nun.



CHAIR in which saint died is in her room, in Chicago's Columbus hospital. Papers on seat are visitors' petitions.

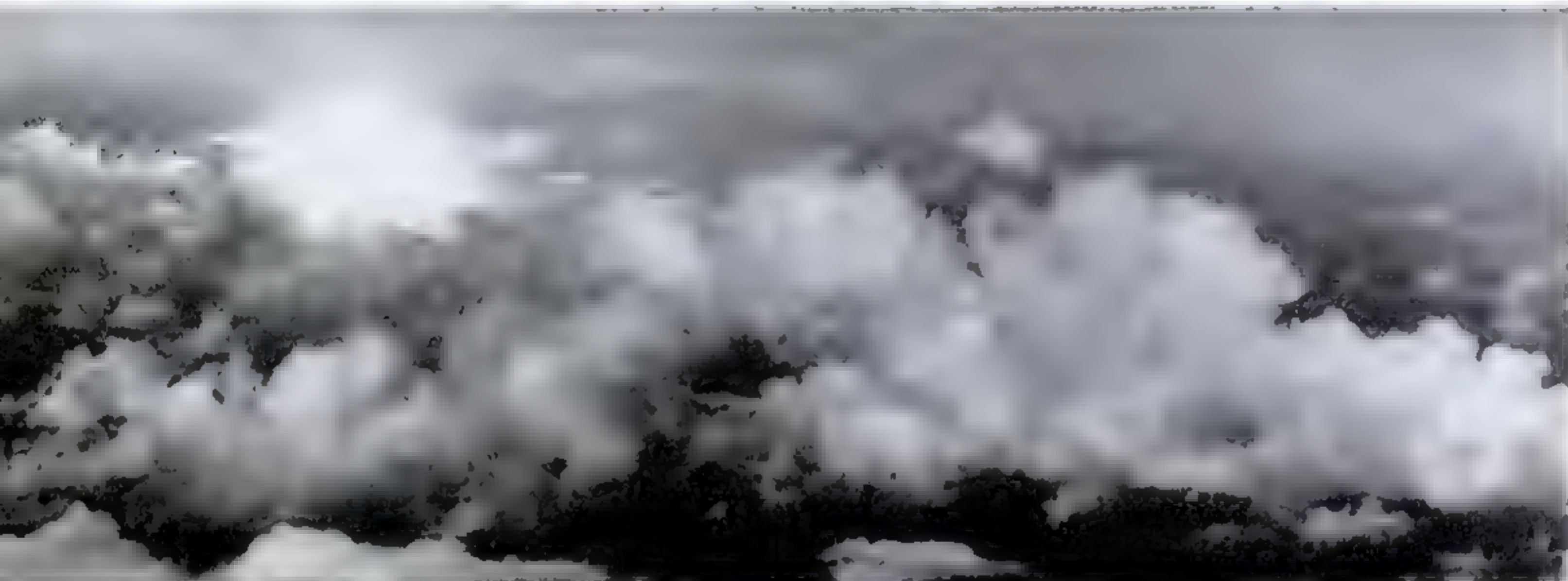


CANONIZATION took place under blazing candelabra of St. Peter's Basilica. Pope, her personal friend, wore snowy white robes, exalted new saint in long Latin homily,

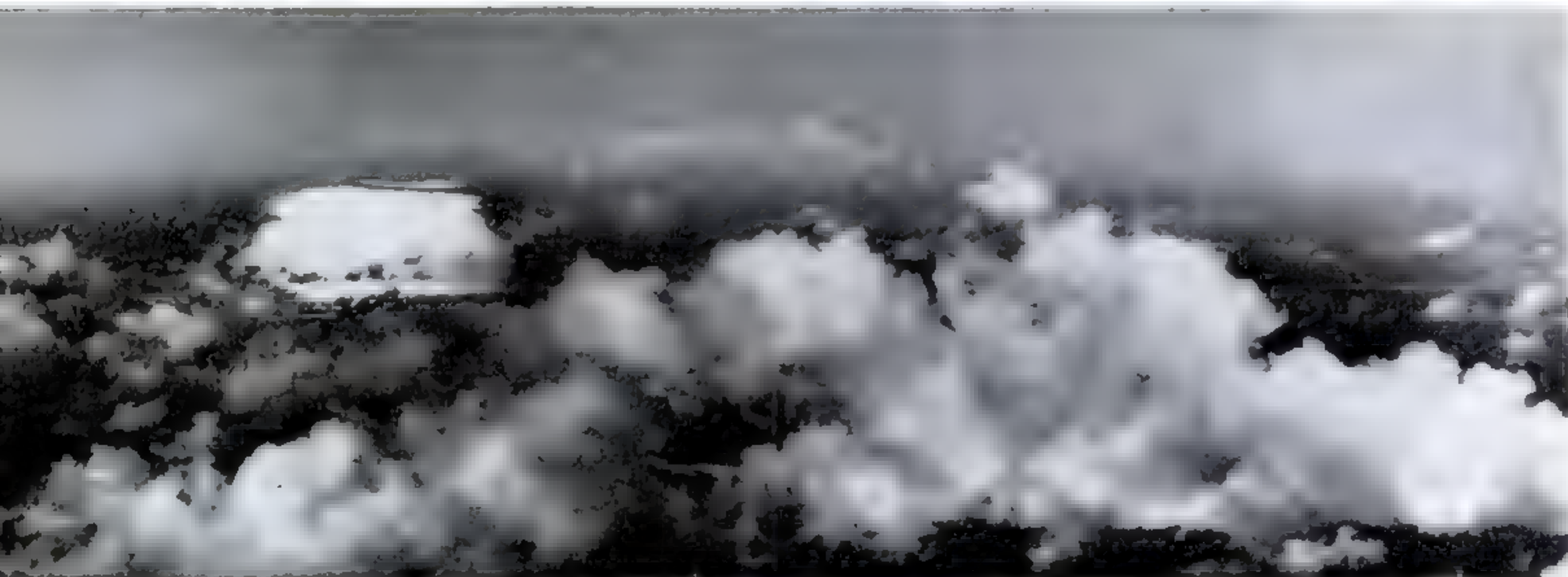
set Dec. 22, her death date, as her annual feast. Ceremony began with a blare of silver trumpets, ended as the city's 100 church bells joined with St. Peter's in roaring chorus.



AT THE INSTANT OF ATOMIC FISSION OVER BIKINI LAGOON A BLINDING FLASH FILLS THE SKY WITH GAMMA RAYS, ALPHA AND BETA PARTICLES AND NEUTRONS



FLASH DEVELOPS INTO A HUGE FIREBALL MORE THAN A MILE IN DIAMETER. IN THIS PICTURE, SHOWING GREATER EXPANSE OF SEA, SHIPS ARE HIDDEN BY CLOUDS



SPREADING HORIZONTALLY WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, THE FIREBALL BEGINS TO DISSIPATE AS THE CHARACTERISTIC PILLAR OF SMOKE AND GASES STARTS TO FORM

THE BOMB EXPLODES

Photographs of actual detonation show blinding flash and fireball

Last week, 10 days after the atomic bomb burst over a cluster of target ships anchored at Bikini and after the world had had a little time to relax, make jokes and resume quarreling over nuclear energy, the Navy released pictures of the actual blast. Other photographs had shown only the towering white column of smoke and radioactive gas that followed the explosion. These pictures, taken with an electrically controlled camera from a B-29 several

miles away by NEA-Acme photographer Harry Lederhandler, were considerably more revealing. They showed an initial flash that shot through and seemed to melt the clouds, a ball of fire alive with X-rays and seething with other forms of radiation. From a study of these pictures and especially from color photographs of the flash, which have not yet been released, scientists hope to learn more of exactly what happens at the moment of atomic fission.

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... to give you a mellow, full-bodied flavor that makes your
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FIRST OF ALL... FOR FLAVOR!



DRESSED AS GREEK WARRIORS, UNINHIBITED STUDENTS PARADE ON FOOT AND RIDE IN A CAR WHICH THEY PICKED UP IN MONTPARNAISE ON THEIR WAY TO BALL

PARIS STUDENTS' BALL

All-night party of frenzied dancing and wild gaiety is revived by art students for first time since war

by BERNARD FRIZELL

PARIS

The orgy of the first Paris art students' ball since the war, began on June 28 as the sun dipped behind the Arc de Triomphe. From the Left Bank, students dressed as the Black Guard charged across the Place de la Concorde and swept up the Champs-Élysées. On their heads they wore white turbans and their loins were swathed in strips of cloth. Their bodies were otherwise naked, their skins black with liquid shoe polish. They pranced about like unleashed animals. Each time they saw a woman they brandished their spears and pounced upon her.

They made up the first wave of the parade of the Bal des Quatre Arts (Ball of the Four Arts), one of the most cherished traditions of Paris. This was the first time, after seven years of war, that the ball has been held. Its theme was the celebration of Agamemnon's victory over Troy. It was the job of the Black Guard to watch the doors of the Salle Wagram, where the ball was to take place.

From 7 p.m., when the Black Guard passed, until midnight columns of revelers marched up the Champs-Élysées. Masquerading as ancient Greeks, the students wore the briefest excuse for clothing.

Practically all the girls were dressed in such a way that more was revealed than hidden. Everybody was painted. They were swabbed a brilliant crimson, sky blue, chalk white, green or purple.

This was the night that the art students could traditionally indulge in their most irresponsible caprices. They stopped buses and raided them for women "hostages." They tried to persuade each pretty girl—and some not so pretty—to join their celebration.

When the columns of shouting, singing, dancing students had gone halfway up the Champs-Élysées they reached the crowded sidewalk cafes. Onto the terraces and inside the brilliantly illuminated cafes and bars the students swarmed, engulfing helpless waiters and clients. They stepped on the small round tables and hopped from one to the other. They picked up glasses and drained them. They executed war dances about the girls. A few girls left the cafes, permitting themselves to be taken as hostages.

The Bal des Quatre Arts is a long-standing tradition that dates back to 1892. Staged by the stu-

dents of the Paris school of Beaux Arts, the ball is named after the school's four arts—architecture, painting, sculpture and engraving. To understand the tone of the ball it is necessary to comprehend the character and traditions of the Beaux Arts students. These are the youngsters who later on in life take their place as the leading men in their fields in France and often in the world. But while they are students they are citizens of that unique dominion of youth, license and impiety—the Latin Quarter. Of all the students in the world, those of the Latin Quarter are the least inhibited. The students of Beaux Arts celebrate this creed as a group once every year in one glorious, concentrated night of revelry.

As the girl hostages entered the ball, their street clothes started to come off and, once inside, they were smeared with paint and thrown a few rags to cover themselves. Would-be gate crashers were being tossed out bodily by the Black Guard. But 700 Beaux Arts students had legitimately bought tickets and all of them flowed into the vast hall.

I decided to crash. At the door I met one of



Look for this
Dispenser

Orange-Crush

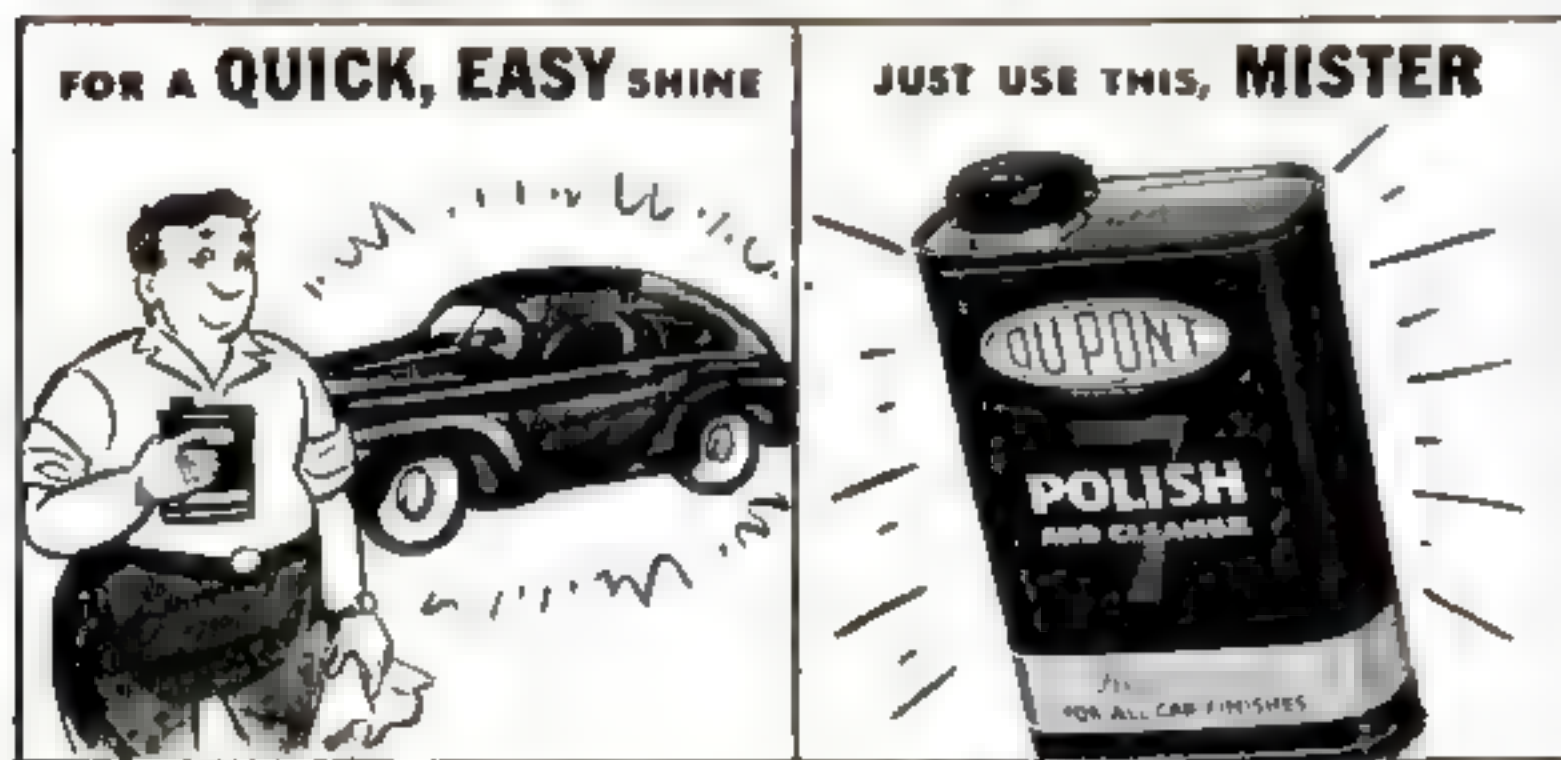
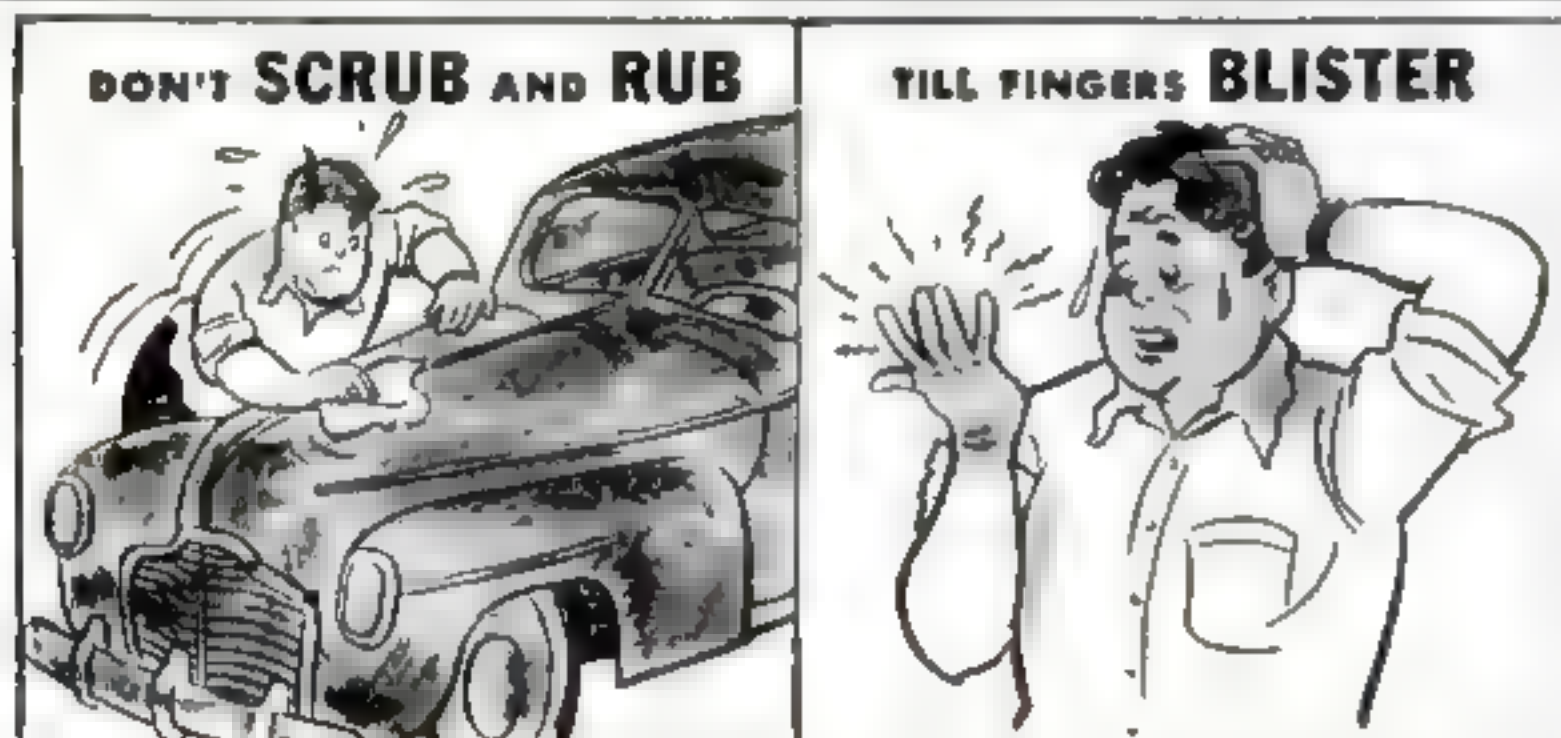
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT No. 7 POLISH



PROFESSIONAL MODEL is merrily tossed into lap of an unsuspecting cafe patron (left) who was in a bistro which the students overran on way to ball.

PARIS BALL CONTINUED

the committee members. "Outsiders are not allowed in," he said. "However, you're an American and I don't mind helping you out. Go around the back way. Take off your clothes and come in just wearing your underpants."

It was midnight when I entered the ballroom. The scene was staggering. At one end of the room rose a sheer wall about 30 feet high. It was the Wall of Troy. On either side of the room were Greek galleys. The prows of the ships jutted out onto the dance floor. All the lights in the room were ablaze, and the noise rivaled that in a foundry. The rhythmic tempo of the music lent itself perfectly to group dancing. Hundreds of students in various states of undress were massed on the floor. Some skipped; some jumped; some hopped about in a frenzy. Many whirled in circles, leaped and pirouetted, jumped up and down, shouting and singing, laughing and screaming. Already a number of the girls had lost their upper garments. That was the scene at midnight, and the night was still young.

At about 1 a.m. came the grand procession. The orchestra, playing the march from *Aida*, led the parade of the victors around the room. Then the committee encircled the room to judge the best galley, each of which had been constructed by a different atelier of the Beaux Arts. On the mast of one of the galleys appeared a girl, her magnificent body completely nude. A long cheer went up. Out of the ship marched the students of the atelier. They won the prize.

Up on the Wall of Troy a series of contests began. Now the commoners below were sprawled over the floor, and it was their plaudits that would determine the winners. A prize was given for the best male costume and the best couple's costume. Then came the feminine beauty contest. The girls had to appear without clothes.

The first two contestants were led to the fore. They were at their ease as the mob below cheered. It was evident they were professional models. But the beauties to follow had obviously never appeared before 700 pairs of eyes with nothing on. One girl appeared boldly on the wall, took one look at the mass of humanity regarding her and then, standing naked, covered her face with her arms.

After a dozen girls had been brought forward the crowd chanted,

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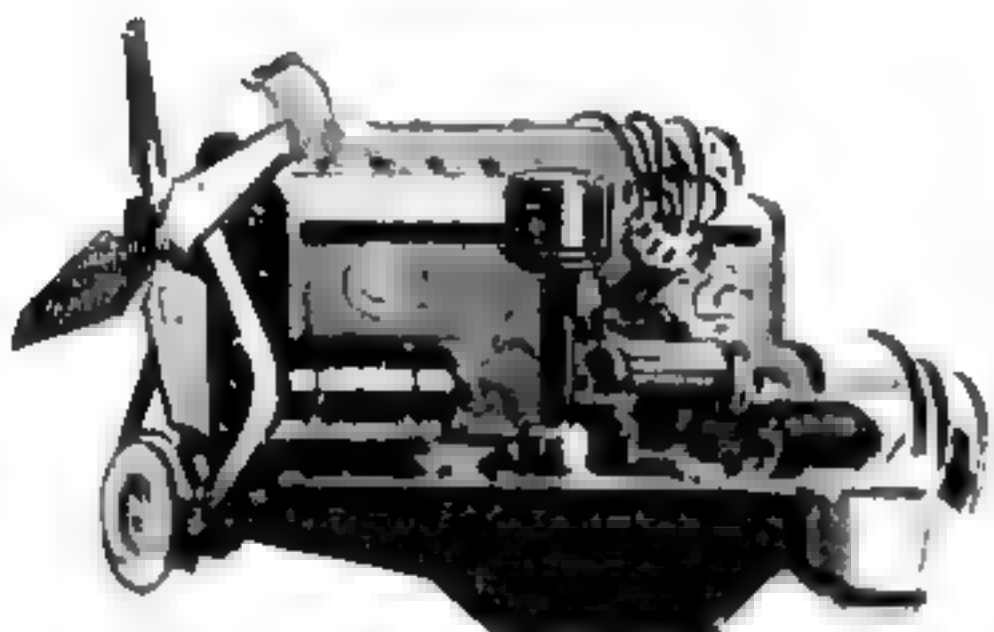


GIRL "HOSTAGE" escapes from the wild ball in Salle Wagram by climbing over gates which were locked at midnight and not opened until dawn.



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A clean hit, right on the nose, has more power, sounds better, goes farther. It's the same way with clean automobile motors.



A CLEAN MOTOR HAS MORE POWER

A clean motor has more power. It runs smoother, lasts longer and gives better gasoline mileage. New Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil cleans your motor as it lubricates.



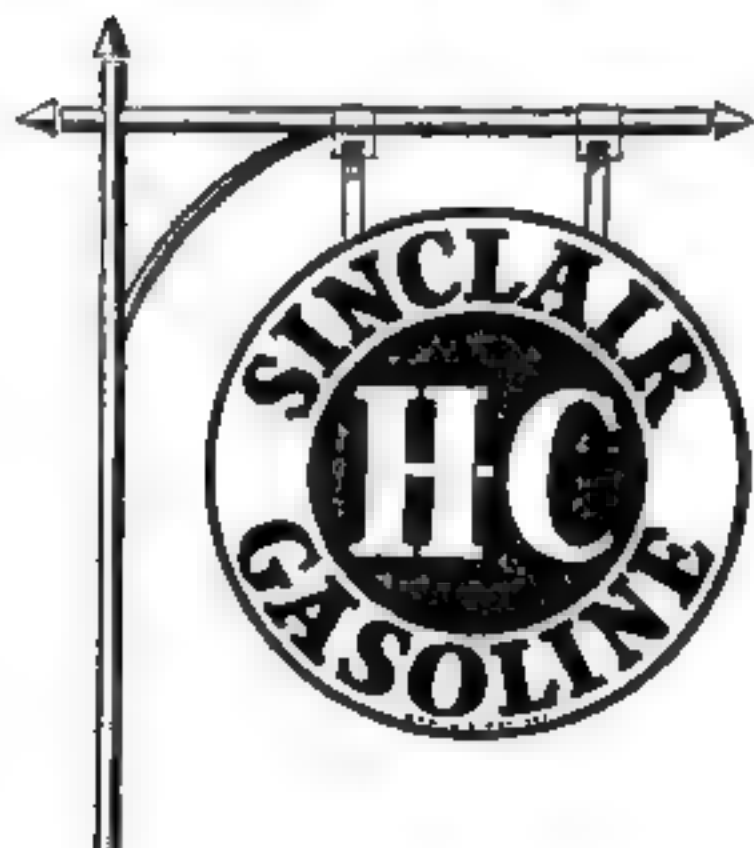
THIS NEW PREMIUM OIL

New Sinclair Opaline is a premium grade oil. It contains special war-developed chemicals to keep your motor clean of carbon, sludge, lacquer and corrosive acids, which steal your power when you use ordinary oil.



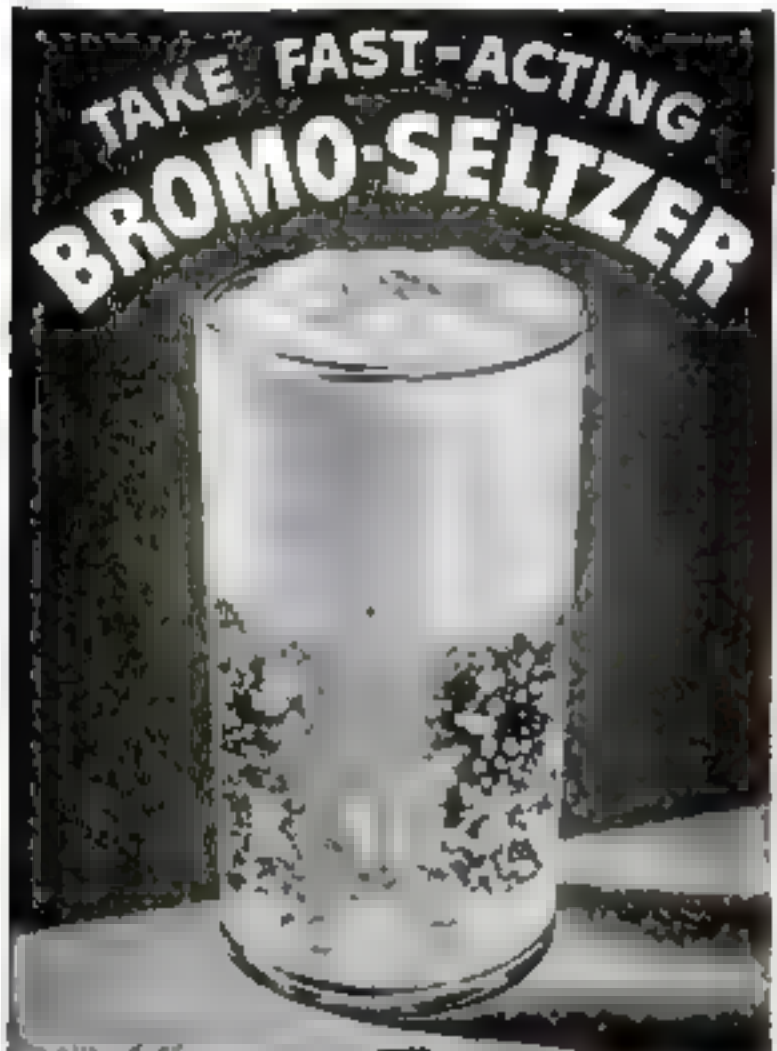
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IN PLACE DE LA CONCORDE reveler takes an early morning plunge at 5:30 a.m. in famous fountain after another student placed a wig on the nymph.

PARIS BALL CONTINUED

"Ensemble, ensemble." All the beauties were brought to the edge of the Wall of Troy, where they assumed a variety of poses indicating everything from pride in the body beautiful to shame. The shouts, cries and noise of the crowd at this point reached its peak.

By 3 a.m. the abandon was complete. One girl had become hysterical. She was tearing her hair, smashing her fists against the wall until they bled, and screaming at the top of her lungs. The last I saw of her, the Black Guards were splashing her face with water and dipping her head into a bucket of water to bring her to her senses.

One man was so drunk that at the end of a dance he leaped across a flight of eight stairs and landed half on his shoulder, half on his head. He lay inert. A group of students lifted him above their shoulders and carted him away. He was well cared for, since five doctors were at the ball to handle any eventualities.

With the dawn an exhausted group of people flowed into the almost forgotten fresh air of a summer morning. The revelers straggled down the Champs-Élysées to the traditional bath in the fountains at the Place de la Concorde. Into the chilly water they leaped as the sun rose before the Arc de Triomphe in the distance. Some of the weariness of the strenuous night was washed off the indefatigable body of one girl who cried, "Oh, to be a Greek every night of the week. . ."



DOWN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES the tired warriors tramp home after the ball broke up at dawn. A moment later, they chased LIFE's photographer.

BURNING, TIRED FEET



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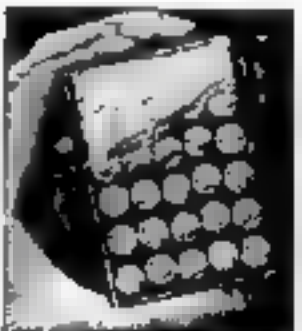
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Du Pont Combs

Margaret Truman

Nation's first daughter is placid girl who wants to sing in grand opera

by FRANCES LEVISON



MARGARET TRUMAN RELAXES ON LAWN OF WHITE HOUSE WITH RED SETTER MIKE

AFTER the departure of the tumultuous Roosevelt clan from the White House last year, public scrutiny wavered over Bess Truman's matronly figure and lighted dubiously on Mary Margaret Truman, 21, unmarried, and the first girl in U.S. history to occupy the lonely eminence of a President's only child.

During her 15 months in the executive mansion Margaret Truman has been the recipient of more impressive attention than any previous White House debutante, not excepting Alice Roosevelt or Eleanor Wilson, who shared the spotlight with brothers or sisters. Embassies contend for Margaret's presence in the receiving lines at international receptions. General de Gaulle gave her an extravagantly jeweled gold watch, and Amir Abdullah sent her an exotic harem costume from Iraq. A number of composers have scored works especially for Margaret's soprano voice, and Lilly Daché has designed a flowered snood especially for her blonde head. She has played hostess to the Winston Churchills and the Trygve Lies. She has flown the skies in the presidential plane, *Sacred Cow*, and entertained friends aboard the presidential yacht, *Williamsburg*.

Yet Margaret has remained curiously unimpressed by her cumulative honors. Daughter of a man who holds the presidency with reluctance and of a woman who describes life in the White House as "so-so," Margaret has cut her formal obligations to a minimum and resolutely pursues a routine little changed from that of her quieter former years. The 11 half years she spent in Washington as a senator's and then vice president's daughter had little effect upon this rather phlegmatic girl from a small Missouri town. Although she plays her role with courtesy and amiability, she regards her Pennsylvania Avenue address less as a stepping-stone to social glitter than as an uncomfortable and strictly temporary residence. For her, "home" is in Independence, Mo. If she nourishes any ambition beyond the ordinary, it is a wistful yearning to sing in grand opera under an assumed name.

In her letters to Missouri friends, inscribed in a round, printlike hand, Margaret rarely mentions the extraordinary events of her own life. One

Independence girl who visited the White House was astonished to discover how her old friend actually lived. "We never realized out home what a fuss is made over Marg," she exclaimed. "She really is a queen!" Yet, to future White House archivists, Margaret Truman will undoubtedly appear a self-effacing personage beside such vivid presidential progeny as the young Garfield and Roosevelt boys, who conducted bicycle races on the polished floors of the East Room, or "Princess Alice" Roosevelt, who danced the hula in public and once jumped into a swimming pool with her clothes on.

Although Margaret boasts a fine white skin, clear hazel eyes and facial contours that at times assume a lovely madonnalike cast, her squarish figure and hunchy carriage probably preclude her attaining the romantic aureole of Nellie Grant, who was wooed and won as a White House bride at 18. Margaret has recently bought clothes in exclusive dress shops like Pasternak's, which custom-tailored expensive suits for the first Roosevelt women, the Tafts, the Wilsons and the Coolidges, but Margaret shops sparingly and confines herself to low-priced, ready-made frocks. One capital clothier defended the Trumans' sartorial taste not long ago by saying, apologetically, "After all, they're not rich people." Apart from price range, however, Margaret too often inclines toward browns and tired pastels rather than the clear, deep shades of blue and wine that become her.

The White House under the Truman regime has become a place where dignitaries, foreign and domestic, are entertained with less enthusiasm than family friends, relatives and ladies' clubs. Margaret has reflected this family program by staging few sizable gatherings of her own. In the white-and-gold East Room, scene of many an opulent state reception, Margaret recently gave a party for an engaged classmate and 60 friends who were invited by telephone, danced to the music of the U.S. Marine Band and downed chicken salad, rolls, ice cream and Coca-Cola. Another time she entertained her Pi Beta Phi Sorority at a buffet supper. Smaller groups of her schoolgirl friends drop in at the White House to play cards or read *Bugs Bunny* while the affairs of state whirl about them.

Margaret's first year in the White House was largely shaped by the

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JUDGE HARRY, Bess and Margaret Truman posed for this snapshot with family car in Independence in 1934, during Truman's first senatorial campaign.

MARGARET TRUMAN CONTINUED

routine of her senior term at college. Until her graduation from George Washington University on May 29 she was driven to her classes daily in a White House limousine. Afternoons she studied in the Carnegie Endowment Library. On the campus she made a determined effort to play down her position. One day last year a waggish headline writer on the *George Washington Hatchet* enthused, "Boss's Daughter Great Catch for Anyone." The writer was rebuked and Margaret continued her college career unmolested and virtually unnoticed by the majority of her 8,000 colleagues. When she was forced to cut classes—as when she accompanied her father on campaign trips—her completed assignments were dispatched to George Washington by messenger or mail.

Since Truman has been President, Margaret has received increasing attention from Washington bachelors. Some of her experiences have been dismaying: one prospective escort bragged loudly of his presidential connections and Margaret, hurt, quickly broke their first date. Although Margaret is not a belle, a few Washington eligibles—notably Marvin Coles, general counsel for a House committee, and Robert Stewart and Robert Dudley (all former naval officers)—pay calls at the White House and take her out two or three times a week. She attends almost every concert in town and is thrilled to be taken backstage to meet an opera star. Although Margaret shuns public dancing and drinking rooms she often goes to Monday supper dances in the correct, high-ceilinged rooms of the Sulgrave Club or spends casual evenings at the United Nations Club. She is learning now to handle social situations with a deft touch. When her father stopped in at one of her White House parties she remonstrated gaily, "You're breaking up the dance, Dad, by attracting all the men."

A Secret Service man usually tags along

MARGARET'S closest friends have always been girls. In her pre-White House days she spent most of her time in the company of lithe, voluble, dark-haired Jane Lingo, a Navy officer's daughter whom she met in the fifth grade at Washington's select Gunston Hall School for girls. Jane, still Margaret's closest friend, now drops in at the White House with schoolgirl informality, only switching from bobby sox to nylons in deference to the dignity of the first mansion. Another college friend who often joins Margaret and Jane on idle afternoons is pretty, cheerful Drucie Snyder, daughter of the new Secretary of the Treasury. A third is Caroline Embry Turner, with whom Margaret plays duets on the piano and runs through the vocal scores of *Rigoletto* (Margaret's favorite opera) and *La Traviata* (Caroline's favorite opera).

If Margaret ventures out with a girl friend, a Secret Service man goes along, sitting discreetly at a distant table in a restaurant or several rows behind the girls in a movie. If Margaret has a male escort, the routine is variable: sometimes her date calls for her in a taxi or car, sometimes the White House provides transportation; sometimes a Secret Service man is in attendance, sometimes not.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

THEY ALL TELL ME...

You feel Cool

I'LL TELL YOU...

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MARGARET TRUMAN CONTINUED

Since Margaret's dates are of a nonromantic nature, the Secret Service men do not constitute a particularly unwelcome intrusion. One escort observes, "They're nice to have along. First, they're pretty good guys, and then they can always get you a cab."

Margaret is easily accessible to friends who dial the White House number, NAional 1414, and give their names to the operator. Her associates no longer regard the White House with awe; they often casually choose it as a rendezvous before going out because "it's the most central place." Guards know Margaret's girl friends and merely nod to them as they stroll up the Pennsylvania Avenue walk. If a new young man comes to call, Margaret leaves his name at the gate.

Margaret receives her friends in her second-floor sitting room. She has a somewhat slapstick sense of humor and often initiates athletic, down-on-the-floor card games like Michigan and Spit. Occasionally she and her friends play languid tennis on the White House courts or take dips in the President's pool. Margaret usually brings late-evening guests up to the third floor and fixes sandwiches and Cokes in a special little kitchen. The boys may play ping-pong on a nearby table which they candidly classify as "lousy."

The Trumans are a close family group

LIKE many only children, Margaret has always been very close to her parents and to her grandmother, Mrs. D. W. Wallace, who lives in the White House with them. The Trumans still manage to be together a good deal as a family group. They breakfast on the top-floor sun porch overlooking the Potomac, lunch together, and usually have 7 o'clock dinner in the first-floor family dining room. Her parents often sit in Margaret's room while she awaits her guests and remain to chat when they arrive. More responsive to parental wishes than the average girl of 22, Margaret seldom stays out past midnight. Her mother invariably waits up until she comes home. Young friends returning after a party have caught occasional glimpses of Mrs. Truman roaming about the second floor in a kimono.

Margaret enjoys a jolly, kidding relationship with her father. He calls her "my baby," holds her hand and likes to poke fun at her loquacity. One night, when accompanying her to the opera, he sighed mournfully, "Why don't you wear that dress the Iraq government gave you? It covers your mouth." Evenings he often takes a few minutes away from business to look in on a group in Margaret's sitting room. If someone strikes up the *Missouri Waltz* the President will beam with delight. Frequently he comes in and sits down with his daughter for a four-hand rendition of a Chopin polonaise or the *Marche Militaire*, submitting meekly to admonitions of "Get it in time, Pop!" Margaret's guests feel completely at ease with this friendly man whom they try to remember to address as "Mr. President."

Margaret receives thousands of letters from citizens who 1) urge her to influence her father on specific political matters; 2) congratulate her on her preference for fruit juices over alcohol, or 3) want to marry her. Despite such attention Margaret remains unable to regard herself as anything more than a private citizen. Last winter, for example, she attended a cocktail party for Democratic bigwigs just before the Jackson Day dinner. One by one the guests were called by name and requested to march into the ballroom and take seats on the dais. The honor guests of the evening, however, were not announced, being expected to enter last, when the banquet hall was filled. Margaret, afraid she had been forgotten, remarked uneasily to a fellow guest, "Didn't you get a place in line either?"

For Margaret life in the White House appears at times to constitute something of an ordeal. The public's natural tendency to rubberneck has led her to reduce her shopping trips to quick, furtive sorties, and capital gossip has caused her considerable discomfiture, as on the occasion when she was widely quoted as having remarked ineptly that her father would be "a fish out of water in the White House" and hoped that "he could handle the job." The press is not always kind to Margaret, partly because of her aloofness and Truman's policy of maintaining strict privacy in the White House. Newshens ambush her in unguarded moments. When she arrived at college to register for the fall term a surprise attack by reporters and photographers reduced her to the brink of tears before campus officials provided sanctuary in a private room. Ordinarily stolid, Margaret has fortified herself against such obtrusions: now she grants no interviews and employs polite clichés to evade the curious.

Margaret's indifference to the dazzlement of her present position stems from a childhood spent as the single youthful center of a big family. At the time of her birth her father, nearly 40, was serving

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

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MARGARET TRUMAN CONTINUED

out his first term as county judge and studying law at night. His haberdashery days were well behind him. He and his bride of five years were living in the large gabled house of his in-laws, on the corner of North Delaware Street and Van Horn Road, Independence, Mo. Bess Truman's mother, Mrs. Wallace, presided over the household. Bess's younger brother Fred lived there, too, and her married brothers, Frank and George, in adjoining cottages. Harry Truman's aunt, Margaret Truman Noland, and her two maiden daughters, Ethel and Nellie, lived across the street. "Margaret," says Ethel Noland, contemplating this childless clan, "was certainly a very welcome baby."

Mary Margaret was a frail child who spent long weeks in bed with recurrent sore throats and colds. Nervous and a little timid, she joined in only the milder games of the female gang that lived along North Delaware Street. The group most often met in the Truman-Wallace attic, which was filled with dark passageways and trunkfuls of old clothes, or on the lawn, which was the largest on the block and boasted fine swings, a croquet ground and, later, a badminton court. Unlike her mother, who had been a crack tennis player, ice skater and champion shot-putter, Margaret was not athletic. However she liked to play character parts in juvenile dramatic productions and once starred as the villain in a thriller, *The Capture of the Clever One*, which netted \$10.45 for charity.

Margaret has been watched all her life

A CURIOUS incident occurred when Margaret was in the first grade of public school that profoundly affected her future upbringing. A strange man, with hat lowered over his eyes, arrived at the school one day and insisted upon calling for "Mary Truman, Judge Truman's daughter." School officials quickly notified the parents. The frightened Trumans called detectives, but the stranger disappeared. The episode was briefly publicized and then forgotten by all but the Trumans, who subsequently guarded their daughter with excessive care. In Independence and later in Washington Margaret was always escorted to and from school. When her friends began patronizing beer houses on Missouri highways, she was never permitted to join them. Years later, after she entered the White House and a net of Secret Service men was flung around her, she remarked to her Aunt May Wallace, "It's nothing new to me to be watched. I've been watched all my life."

Margaret's love of music was kindled at the age of 8 when her father gave her a baby grand piano and launched her on a semi-weekly series of piano lessons. She eventually played well enough to master some of the works of Chopin and Beethoven's *Pathétique* Sonata. She joined the choir of Trinity Episcopal Church, the smallest church in Independence, where her parents had been married in 1919. Harry Truman, a Baptist, sometimes drifted into little Trinity to hear his daughter sing solos. A family friend from Kansas City, Margaret Strickler, took an interest in Margaret's voice and started to give her formal singing lessons.

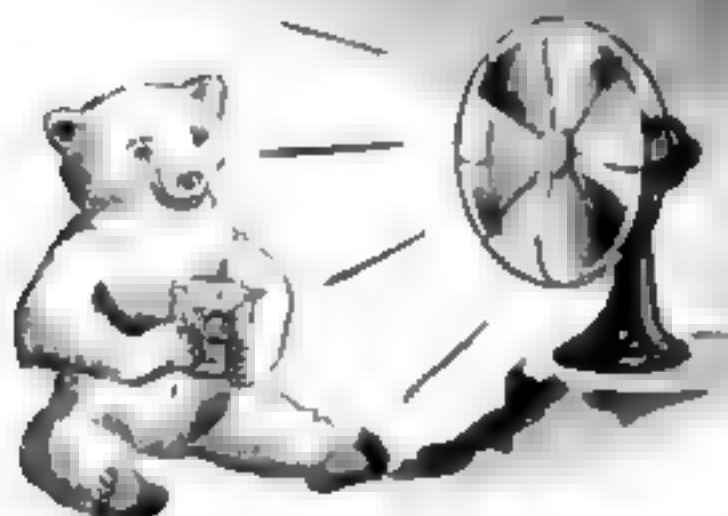
Margaret was 10 years old when Harry Truman was elected to the U. S. Senate. The citizens of Independence staged a banquet, and in celebration of the occasion Margaret went to Mrs. Pearl Wood, her mother's hairdresser, and had her straight Dutch-bobbed hair curled with irons. Then, after she and her mother and father had each made a formal little speech for a family movie, they left for Washington.

From then on Margaret's life was divided equally between Washington and Missouri. Until 1941 she spent each summer and fall in Independence, completing successive autumn terms in public schools. From January to June, when Congress was in session, she lived a tranquil life in the capital, attending Gunston Hall. She was a member ex-officio of the Senate Daughters Club, but pleading pressure of schoolwork, she seldom attended the club's weekly luncheons and annual dances. Margaret liked to visit her father in his office on the Hill, borrow books from the Congressional Library and eat ham-on-raisin-bread sandwiches in the Senate cafeteria. At 17 she went to her first White House reception. She graduated from Gunston Hall high in her class, with a prize in Spanish and her name on the English cup, and in 1942 she entered George Washington University.

When Roosevelt died in the spring of 1945 the bewildered Trumans closed their small apartment on upper Connecticut Avenue. They sent their furniture back to Independence—all except Margaret's baby grand piano, which was heaved up the side of the White House into her new sitting room. Margaret chose the suite on the west Pennsylvania Avenue corner of the White House, which the Roosevelt girls, Helen Taft and Herbert Hoover had occupied before her. Admittedly dismayed at moving into her new home, she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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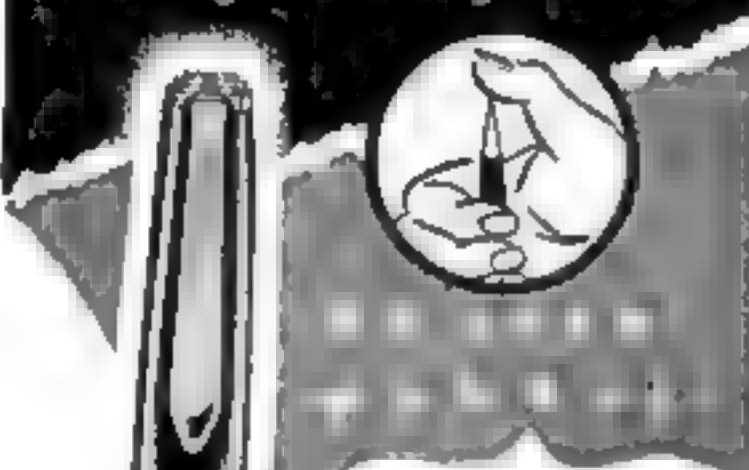


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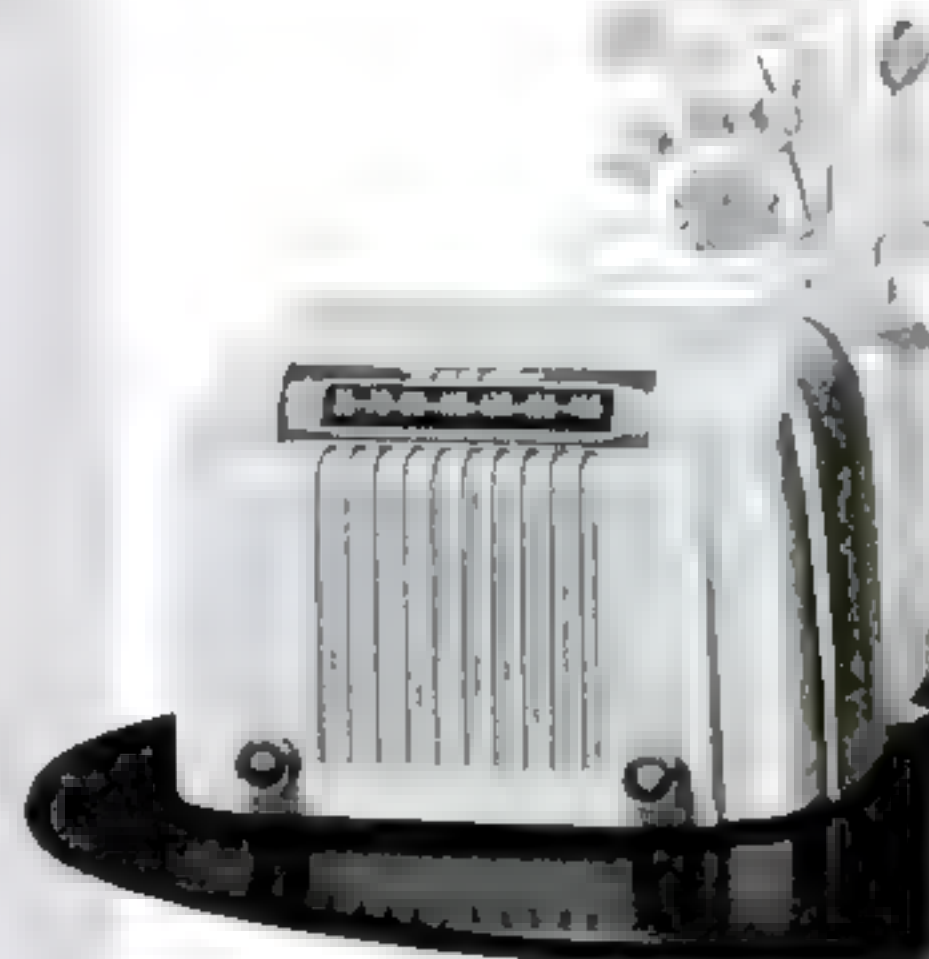


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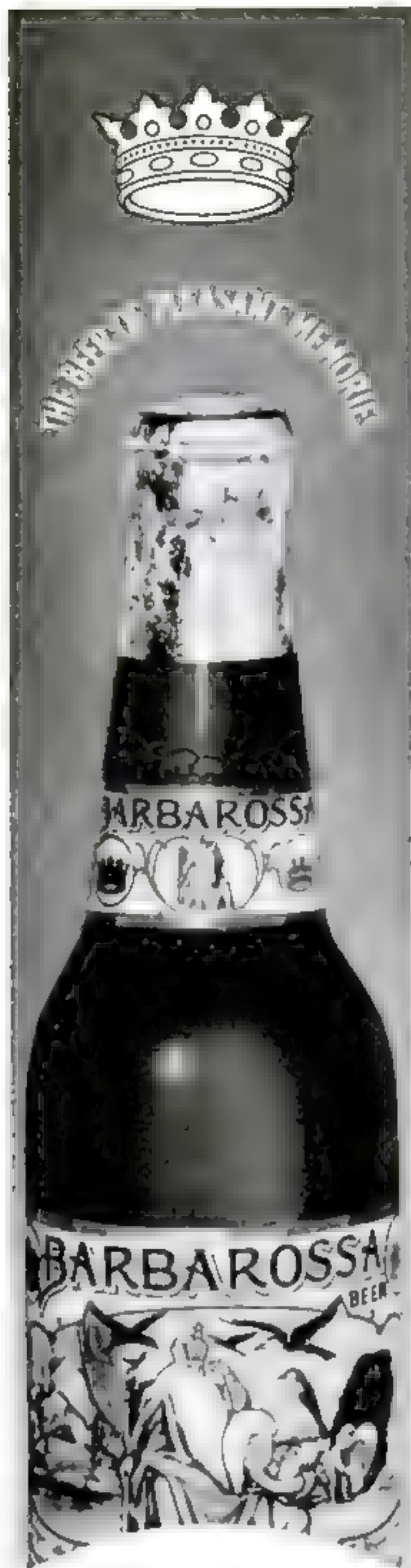


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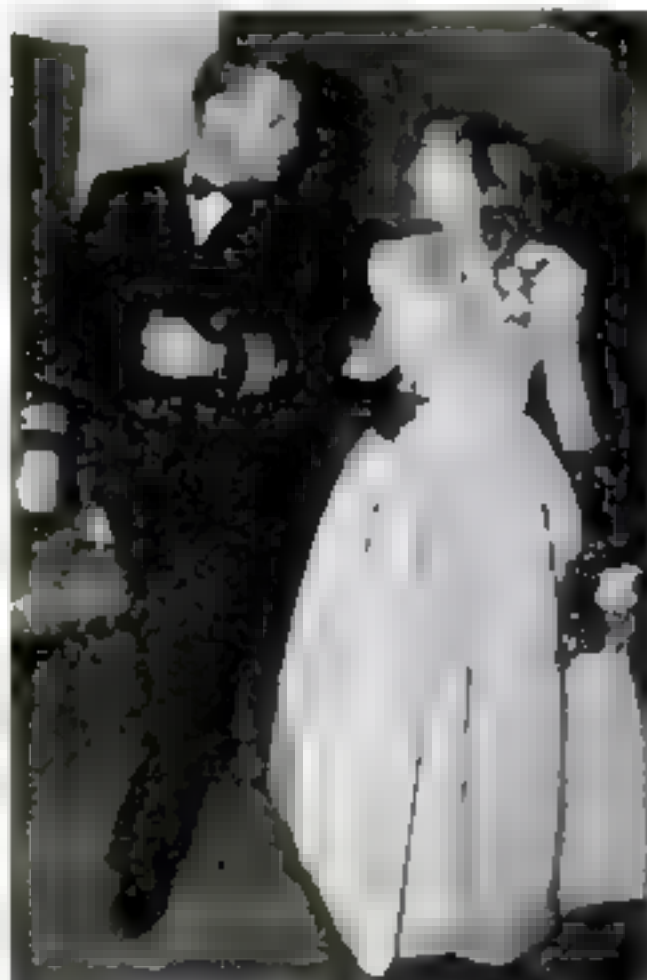
begged her friends, "I hope you won't forget all about me when I'm living in the White House." She murmured apprehensively about the gloom and dirt of the big mansion, saw to it that her bedspreads hung short of the floor "because bedbugs might crawl up," and reiterated "the housekeeper tries to starve you; Elliott Roosevelt told me she would." She painted the small anteroom baby pink, went shopping for white bedroom furniture and installed an assortment of pink frills and stuffed animals. She had the larger sitting room done in blue with bright, flowered drapes and placed two red divans in front of the marble fireplace.

Before she became fairly settled in the White House, however, Margaret gratefully whisked back to Independence for her customary long summer vacation. A fresh coat of white paint converted the old gray family home into a bright and shining Summer White House. Margaret's friends suffered one day of stage fright which she quickly dispelled with a few telephone calls announcing, "Hello, this is Marg. Why haven't you come over?" She drove around town in the familiar family Oldsmobile, followed discreetly by a Secret Service man, known in Independence as "the nice Mr. Dorsey."

Margaret continued to manicure her own nails and armed with a lemon from home, made a weekly trip to her old hairdresser for a Drene shampoo. She attended a round of luncheons in her honor and at a sorority house party merrily short-sheeted the beds of her friends. When her early-rising father came to town he persuaded her to join him in a whirlwind schedule that started each morning with breakfast at 7. After this dawn repast, however, Margaret sometimes flopped back in bed. When her father finally left for Washington she wearily called on some neighbors and, in response to a friend's inquiry as to how she was feeling, the President's daughter sleepily and humorously lifted her thumb to her nose.

Between social engagements Margaret found time to go faithfully to Margaret Strickler twice a week for singing lessons. Mrs. Strickler, a flowery lady who teaches the Pashowsky *bel canto* method with breathing exercises and scales, says "Margaret has fine breath. Lots of very fine breath." Margaret's voice, a lyric-coloratura soprano, is rather thin. Mrs. Strickler explains it is still "Unfolding." Margaret sings willingly and often before friends at parties and weddings and resumes her place in the Trinity Choir when she is at home. One year she performed in the chorus of a Denver summer opera, but as Second Lady she has rejected numerous offers from opera companies and concert managers to sing before the public.

Margaret is already back in Independence and plans this summer to concentrate on her studies with Mrs. Strickler, and rumors are circulating that she will make a singing debut in the fall. Those who muse on Margaret's probable future usually think in terms of marriage, but they are unable, as yet, to attach her name to that of any one young man. Not long ago a sage old lady of Independence remarked on the superlative opportunities that befall a President's daughter to meet the world's most distinguished and talented people. Pondering Margaret's tenacious loyalty to her Independence life and noting that she had been seen lately in the company of a local boy, a son of family friends, the lady sighed, "I hope she doesn't marry him. They'll settle down in Independence and it will be one more generation of the same thing."



AT DANCE in her honor Margaret chats with Lt. Comdr. Bob Dudley.



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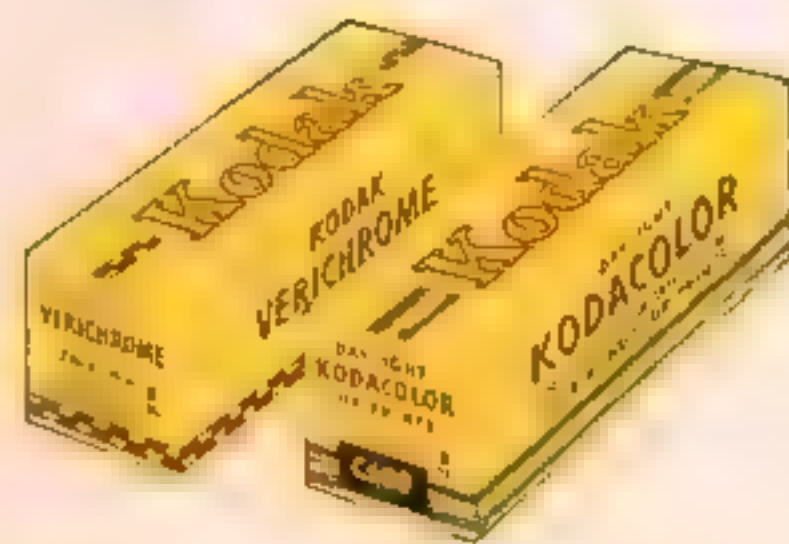


You're with them again

Your written words "come alive" when the envelope also brings your latest snapshots. There is your face, your smile . . . and the miles of separation simply vanish into nothing . . . This is the "personal visit" that can be included in your letter.

All the world has learned that the surest way to get great snapshots is to use Kodak Film. It makes your camera a better camera . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

*The snapshots you'll want tomorrow,
you must take today*



For black-and-white snapshots—
Kodak Verichrome Film

For full-color snapshots—
Kodak Kodacolor Film

You'll agree..only Chevrolet gives this **BIG-CAR QUALITY** **AT LOWEST COST**



You'll find this new Chevrolet is tops in quality at low prices—the finest motor car that money can buy in its field—a beautiful car the whole family will be proud to own.



YOUR SYMBOL OF SAVINGS

More than once you've heard a Chevrolet owner say, "My new Chevrolet gives so much quality and value that it's hard

to see why I should pay a higher price for any car today!"

If you would know how Chevrolet manages to give so much quality for so little money, you will find the answer in the overwhelming preference which the American people have bestowed on Chevrolet products over such a long period of years.

This preference has enabled Chevrolet to put higher quality into Chevrolet engineering, manufacturing and inspection—into every phase of Chevrolet products . . . and, of course, back of Chevrolet are the great and varied resources of General Motors, with its vast facilities for research and technological improvement.

Yes, only Chevrolet brings you Chevrolet's famous Big-Car quality at lowest cost; and only a demonstration ride is needed to prove this to your own complete satisfaction.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

NEVER HAS CHEVROLET BUILT A BETTER CAR THAN THIS NEW CHEVROLET



Sound like a very happy driver?
ENJOY IT MORE!

NEW CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET IS THE
 ONLY LOW-PRICED
 CAR WITH THESE
 BIG-CAR QUALITY
 FEATURES



**Beautiful
 BODY BY FISHER**

—found only in Chevrolet and higher-priced cars—another proof that Chevrolet gives Big-Car quality at lowest cost.



**Economical
 VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE**

—with the same valve-in-head principle featured in higher-priced cars—another proof that Chevrolet gives Big-Car quality at lowest cost.



**Comfortable
 KNEE-ACTION GLIDING RIDE**

—found only in Chevrolet and higher-priced cars—another proof that Chevrolet gives Big-Car quality at lowest cost.



**Extra-Easy
 VACUUM-POWER SHIFT**

—self-actuating and doing 80% of the work for you—another proof that Chevrolet gives Big Car quality at lowest cost.



*For something really novel,
try this delicious
DuBouchett Cooler*

Pour over a glassful of fine ice 1 jigger
DuBouchett Green Creme de Menthe.
Fill with seltzer, stir gently and
garnish with cherry.



*How to make this
delectable, cooling
Sloe Gin Fizz*

Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, teaspoon sugar,
1 jigger DuBouchett Sloe Gin.
Shake well with ice, strain into glass and fill with seltzer.
Write for free booklet of tempting recipes.



*Just one, two, three —
and you have this tasty
Creme De Cacao Float*

DuBouchett Creme de Cacao. Float cream on top.
Crown with a cherry, pierced by a toothpick.

DuBOUCHETT
Many, Blanc

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO



AT JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL, ONE OF MANY PLACES WHERE NEW MALARIA DRUGS WERE TESTED, MALARIA PARASITES ARE INJECTED INTO BABY DUCK

NEW MALARIA DRUGS

Sick ducks help to develop them

Malaria, the disease which affects 800,000,000 people, nearly half the earth's population, became a U.S. problem during the war. Many veterans who had been infected overseas faced the prospect of attacks which might recur for years. To find better drugs for malaria, the Office of Scientific Research and Development appropriated \$7,000,000, and scientists tested some 15,000 drugs on convicts, chickens and ducks infected with malaria. The campaign was a remarkable success. It developed drugs which suppress malaria more effectively than quinine or atabrine. Like quinine and atabrine, however, these new drugs did not keep malaria from recurring after treatment had ended. The next line of research in this problem investigated the German drug plasmochin, which cured most malaria cases permanently but caused a serious reaction in the blood. U.S. chemists then developed SN 13,276, a drug similar to plasmochin but with few of its toxic effects. SN 13,276 is now being tested for toxicity in many racial types. If the tests are successful, it may remove malaria from its position as the most widespread major disease of humanity.



MALARIAL ATTACK has much the same effect on a duck as it has on humans. Duck does not have chills

and fever but becomes weak and uncoordinated. Experimental drug is now fed to the duck to see how it works.

The "Z" makes a
WHALE of difference



• Whether you're off to bait a whopper, or headed for sunny sands, remember that the right motor oil can make a whale of a difference—when it's Pennzoil! This pure Pennsylvania oil will stand the speed and heat of the fast, long drive—guard against dangerous sludge and corrosion—keep your engine clean and safe. To be sure you get only genuine Pennzoil, do as millions do! Always . . .

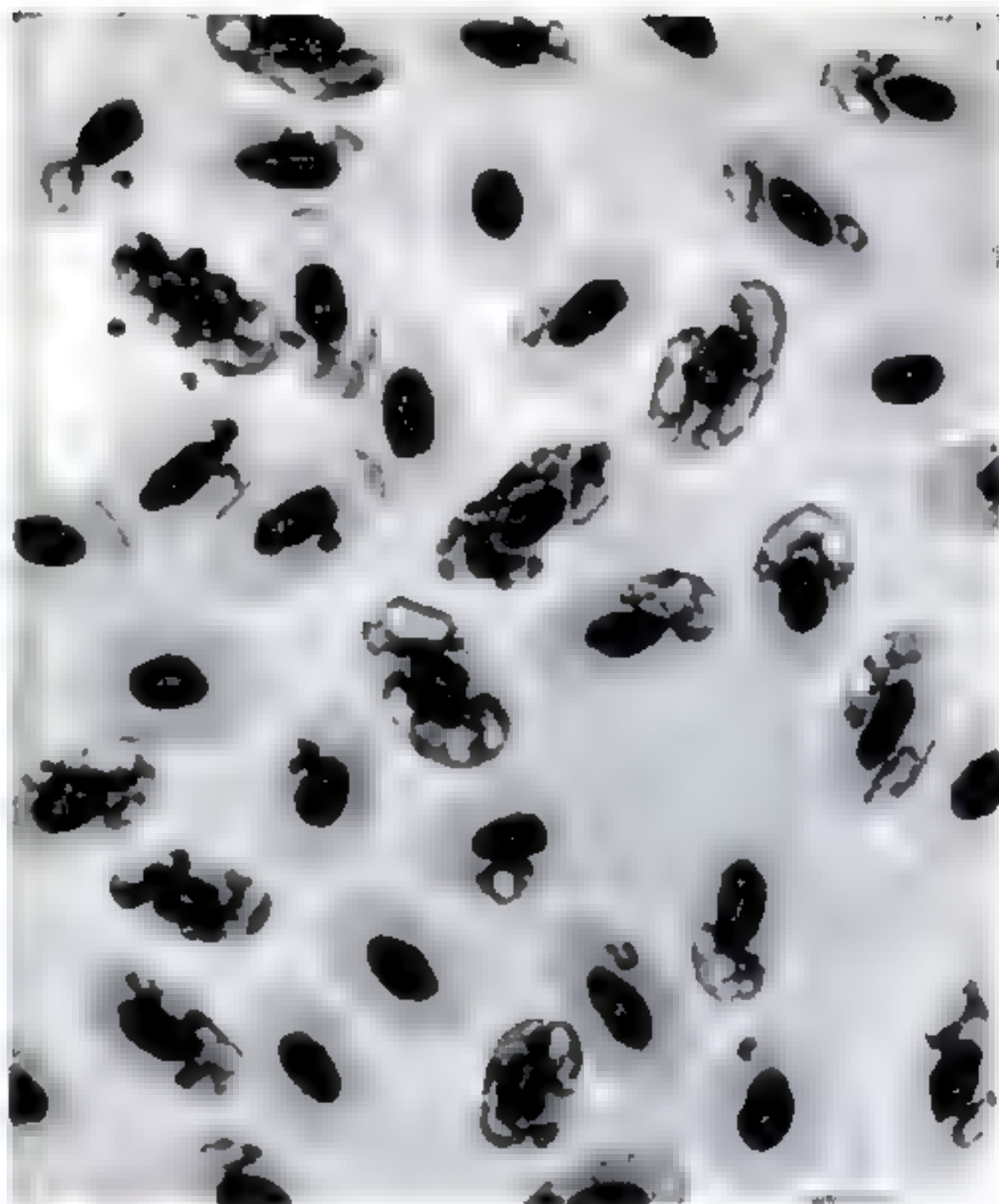
Sound your "Z"
PENNZOIL

Better dealers from coast
to coast display this sign

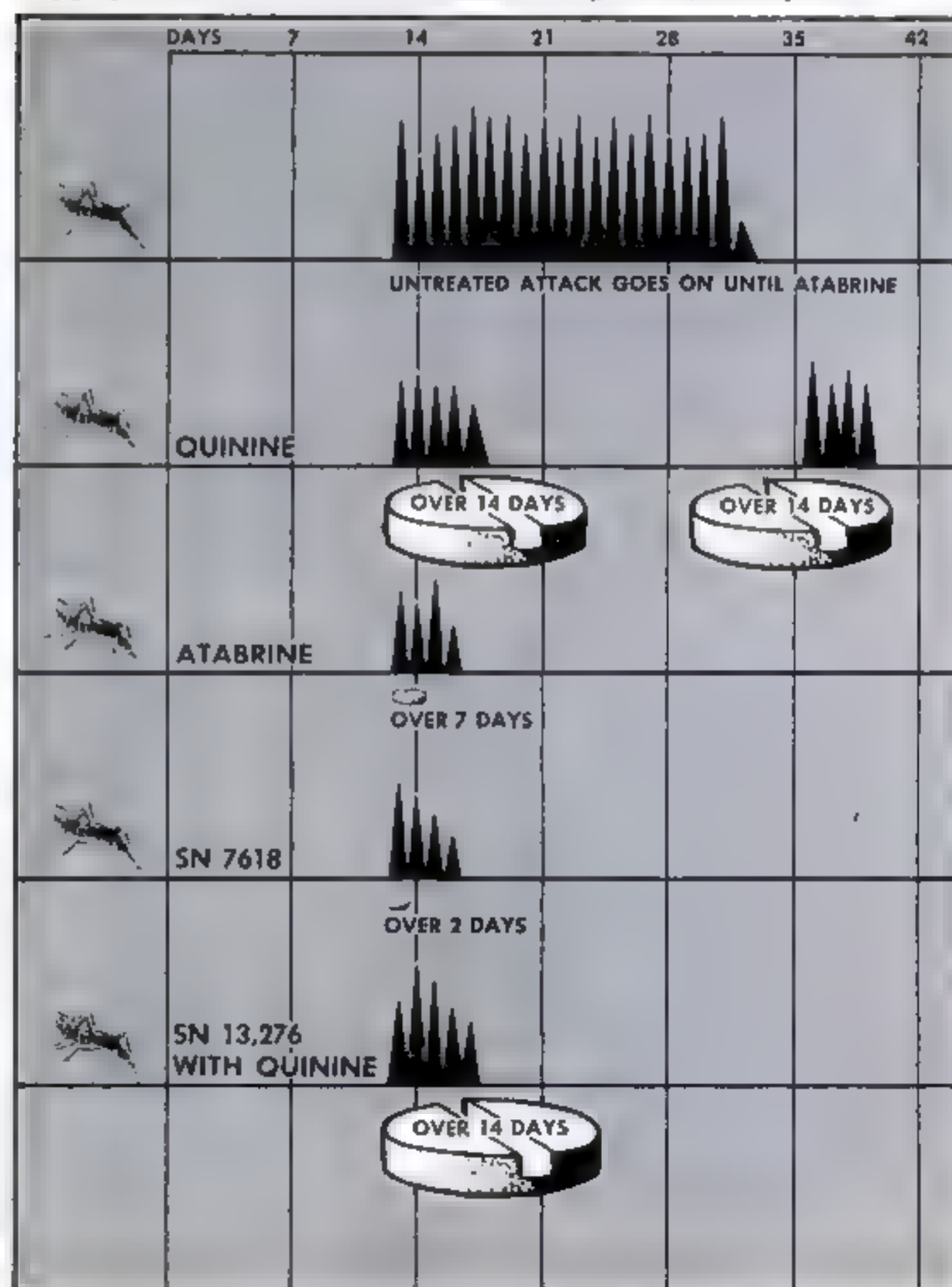


PENNZOIL® GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY!

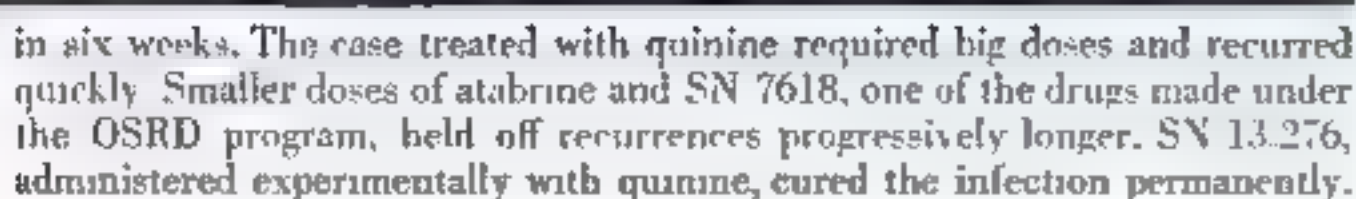
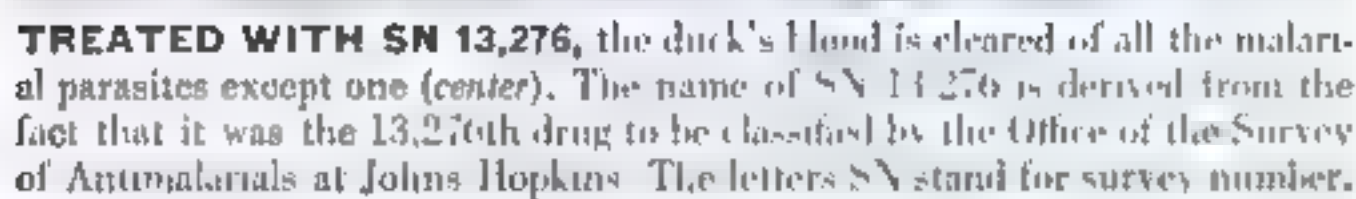
New Malaria Drugs CONTINUED



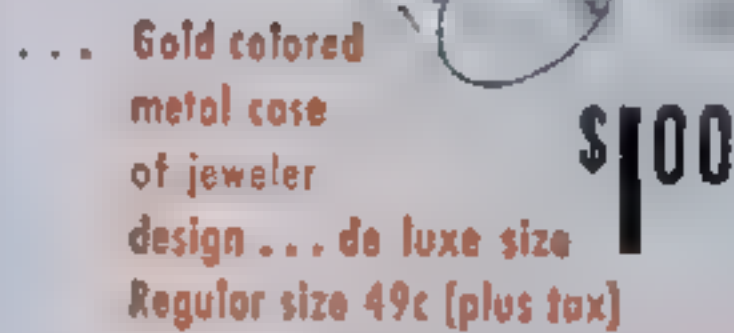
BLOOD FROM DUCK which has been infected with malaria shows parasites attacking red blood cells. This action of parasites causes symptoms of a malarial attack. Over four and a half years the Johns Hopkins section of the drug program tested more than 4,000 different drugs on 60,000 baby ducks.



FIVE CASE HISTORIES show the effects of various drugs on convicts who voluntarily exposed themselves to malaria at the Illinois State Penitentiary (LIFE, June 4, 1945). Jagged peaks are individual seizures of a malarial attack. An untreated infection (top) was finally suppressed with atabrine but recurred



Louis Philippe
Lipstick...

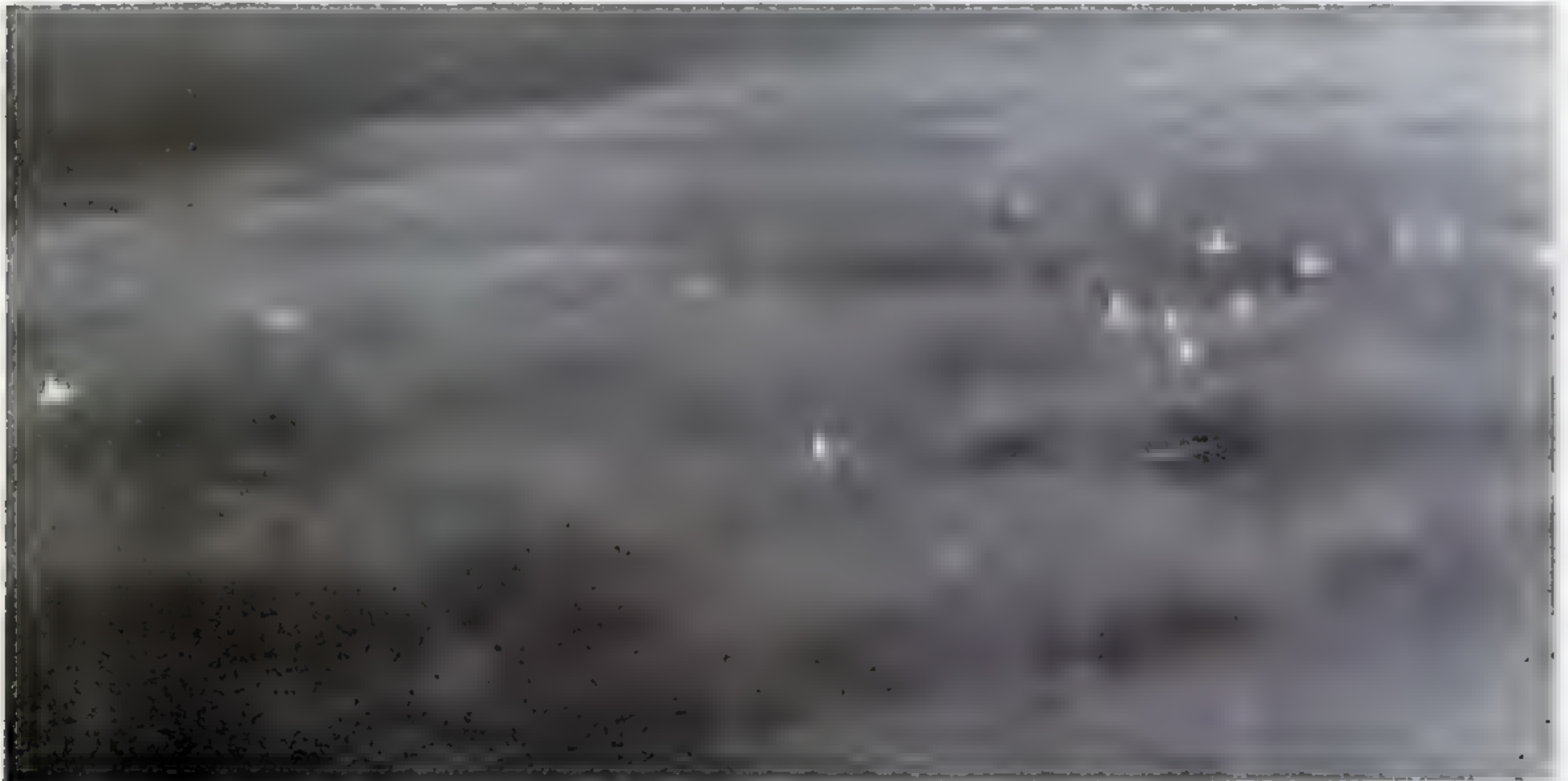


- • • improved formula for kid glove smoothness,
- • • clings beyond the call of duty
- • • & luscious, lip-lovely colors (and of course, rouge to match... Cake or creme, 49c).

Don't wait to wear the new Louis Philippe Lipstick.
That's putting off enchantment!



OUTSIDE NEWPORT HARBOR THE YACHTS CATCH THE WIND AND HEEL OVER IN A STRONG SOUTHWESTER. IN FOREGROUND IS THE "GESTURE," WHICH KEPT ON



THE YACHTS FAN OUT as they leave Newport under a heavy fog bank. This is about eight minutes after the start of the race. Within an hour only a few of the yachts

were visible at a time. In a rainy squall in the Gulf Stream an escorting destroyer had to use her radar to locate some of the yachts. Two yachts missed the island completely.



THE WEATHER (WIND) SIDE OF THE OTHER YACHTS DURING MOST OF THE RACE

BERMUDA OCEAN RACE

Sloop "Gesture" beats 33 yachts in the 635-mile run from Newport to Hamilton across a mild Gulf Stream

The 635 watery miles of the Bermuda Ocean Race from the New England coast to Hamilton, Bermuda is one of the toughest yachting courses in the world. Just running leisurely up from Bermuda to Newport, R. I. for the race, the British sloop *Zena* foundered in a raging sea and almost drowned her six-man crew. Skippers and crews of the 34 yachts entered in the first postwar running prepared for the usual drenching and seasickness. This year, however, they were pleasantly surprised.

Divided into groups according to their size, the yachts went skimming out of Newport Harbor and fanned out across the Atlantic in a healthy southwester. But when they reached the usually violent cross-current chop of the Gulf Stream they found it a quiet blue ribbon. Then, in the belt of light easterly breezes beyond the Stream, they pointed for Bermuda.

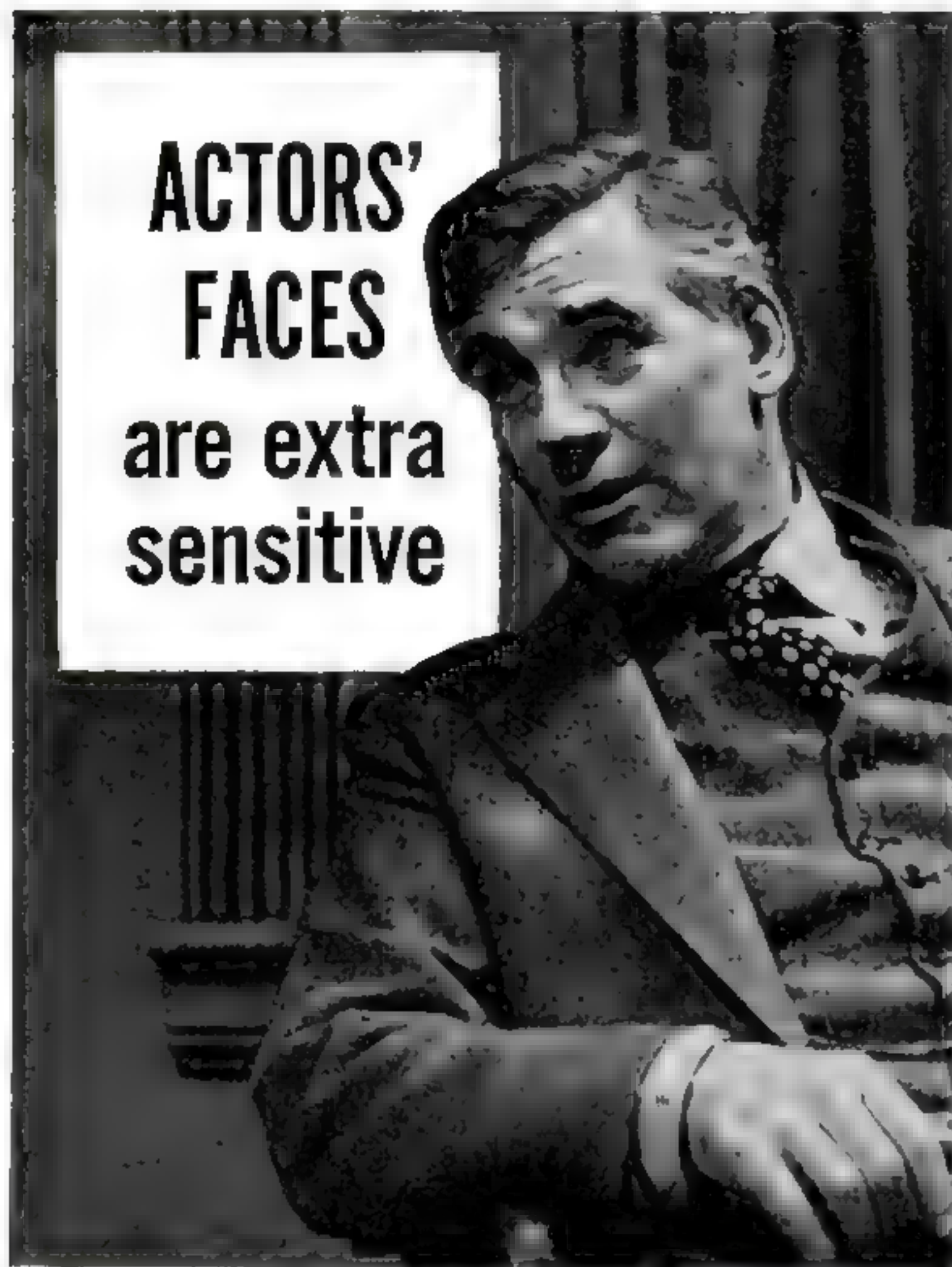
There, on the high hill beside St. David's Light, Bermudians gathered to watch the yachts come thrashing into Hamilton Harbor. In the early morning mist the 72-foot yawl *Baruna* appeared, fluttering her sails as she tacked back and forth against a mild head wind. Easing over near the land, she slipped into the harbor first under a light offshore breeze. Then the 65-foot yawl *Good News* reached the finish. But because of time handicaps the small, 57-foot sloop *Gesture*, which was creeping toward the harbor, still had a chance to win. With her time almost out, the *Gesture* caught a breaking thunderstorm in her baby-blue nylon spinnaker, came roaring up to the finish line in the official time of four days, 10 minutes and 20 seconds, the slowest winning time since the first race 40 years ago.



PORPOISES, a familiar sight to all Gulf Stream sailors, play alongside the starboard bow of *Chee Chee IV*. Sometimes they follow ships whole 200-mile width of the Stream.



SPRAY sings over the *Chee Chee IV*, close-hauled into only strong wind of race. Expecting heavier weather, race officials turned down entry of cutter *Nebula*, built in 1885.



**ACTORS'
FACES
are extra
sensitive**

*—that's why Walter Huston
shaves with soothing WILLIAMS*

"TAKING OFF MAKE-UP, removing grease paint and powder nightly leaves my face sensitive," says Walter Huston, star of the hit comedy, "Apple of His Eye." "That's why I swear by Williams Shaving Cream. It's a star board softener—yet it never irritates my tender face."

Made from bland, top-quality ingredients, blended in exact proportions—Williams is easy on the tenderest face. In Williams, you enjoy the benefits of a unique knowledge and manufacturing skill that

come from over 100 years' experience in making fine shaving preparations.

Smooth, comfortable shaves

Williams rich, super-soaking lather takes the "fight" out of the toughest beard. It lets you shave quickly and easily without pull or scrape—leaves your face feeling smoother and refreshed.

Discover for yourself why so many famous actors, distinguished men in every walk of life, shave with Williams. Pick up a tube today.



RALPH BELLAMY, star of the Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy, "State of the Union," says, "Removing heavy stage make-up leaves the face sensitive . . . but I can shave closely without soreness when I use Williams Shaving Cream. It doesn't sting or irritate."



"BARUNA," first in, thought H.M.S. *Wear* (right) marked finish line, let down her sails. Race officials blamed the *Wear*, did not disqualify the *Baruna*.



WINNING CREW of the *Gesture* relax in Newport Harbor before the race. Skipper was A. H. Fuller (extreme left), president of Fuller Brush Company.



Come over on the
Sunny Brook side!

Enjoy the whiskey that's
"Cheerful as its Name"

After a freshening dip—here is your long,
cool sip! Here is cheerful OLD SUNNY BROOK, ready
to add its smoother Kentucky flavor to ice and
the pleasant mixers you fancy. Also ready to
go it alone in a straight demonstration of
rich, mellow taste perfection. Take it any
way you like—it's a likeable drink.



OLD **SUNNY BROOK** BRAND
WHISKEY—A BLEND



MOSES was carved from Indiana limestone by 38-year-old Negro Artist Marion Perkins. He carved it three years

ago during his spare time while running a newsstand at 37th Street and Indiana Avenue in Chicago. Price: \$150.



HEAD was done by Richmond Barthé, 45, of New York, whom critics rank among the best living U. S. sculptors.

NEGRO

THEIR WORKS WIN

The paintings and sculptures shown on these pages are interesting not because they were done by Negroes but because they represent some of the best works turned out by American artists today.

From early colonial days Negro artists have practiced the profession of painting. In the late 1700s and early 1800s Joshua Johnston, a slave in Baltimore, made such skillful portraits that for years several of his pictures were falsely attributed to the famous early American portraitist, Rembrandt Peale. Other good Negro artists of the 19th and early 20th Centuries were forced to turn to Europe for opportunity and recognition. They avoided painting Negro subjects, partly as an escape and partly because few people were interested in them. Finally, in the mid-'20s, Negro artists began to paint and write about themselves. Their work began to take on vigor and validity it had lacked. The



HEAD OF A BOY is by Eloise Bishop, 25, Bennington College graduate, who works at Museum of Modern Art.



CHESTER was done by Sargent Johnson, 56, who has won many art prizes in California, where he now lives.

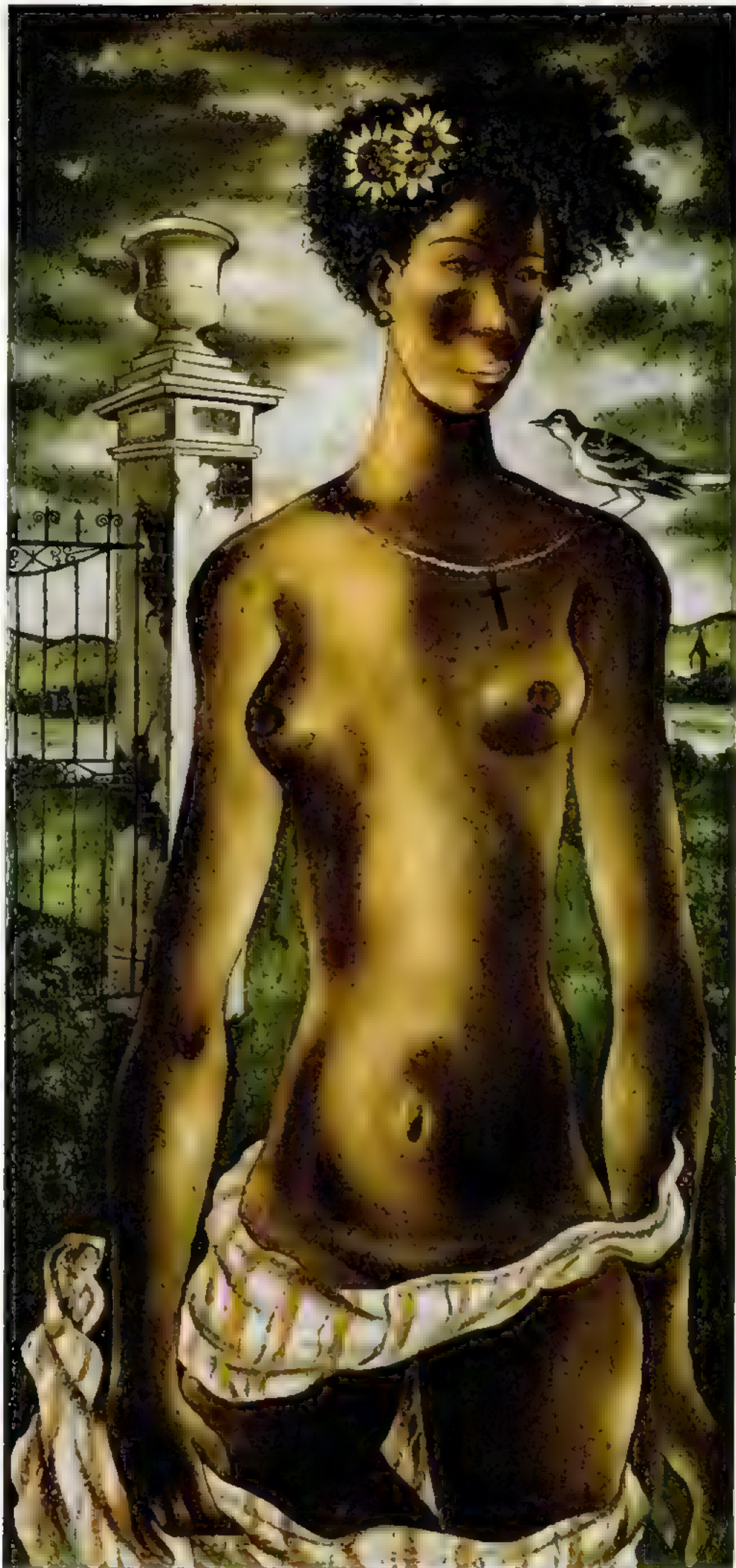
ARTISTS TOP U.S. HONORS

annual exhibits sponsored by the Harmon Foundation in New York between 1928 and 1935 encouraged the development of Negro artists, and in 1934 the founding of the Federal Arts Projects gave jobs and exhibits to Negroes who had never before had an opportunity to show their talent.

Last winter the greatest Negro art show ever assembled was exhibited at the Albany Institute of History and Art. Later the exhibit was shown at the Brooklyn Museum whence it moved on to the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence. The works done by Negroes today represent every style, ranging from the powerful realism of John Wilson to the now famous semi-abstractions of Jacob Lawrence. The artists concern themselves largely but not exclusively with Negro subjects. Some of them rank among the most successful of contemporary artists and their works are owned by many museums.



DRAPED HEAD is by 32-year-old William E. Artis of New York. Artis teaches and lectures on ceramic art.



SOUTHERN GATE is by Eldzier Cortor, 30, of Chicago, who has won prizes at Chicago Art Institute. Here

he painted a young Negro girl with a mockingbird on her shoulder against a background symbolizing the old South.



INTERIOR is by Jacob Lawrence, 25, of Brooklyn, whose semi-abstract pictures have been bought by 121 museums. He painted this scene from imagination while

traveling through the South on a Roosevelt Fellowship. When he got out of the Coast Guard this spring, Lawrence was awarded \$2,500 to 22 other fellows.



JOHN BROWN GOING TO HIS HANGING is one of many historical subjects by the 33-year-old

painter, Horace Pippin. One of his canvases received honorable mention at the Carnegie Institute in 1944.



FACTORY WORKERS is by Romare Bearden, 32, who works for the New York Department of Welfare.



W.H. Johnson

MOUNT CALVARY is part of a series which William H. Johnson, 45, of New York City has been working on since 1910. Here he shows a Negro interpreta-

tion of the Crucifixion with four instead of the traditional three Marys worshipping Christ. Formerly a realistic painter, Johnson now prefers to paint in a stylized manner.



MOTHER AND CHILD is by John Wilson, 21, who won scholarship to Boston Museum of Fine Arts school.



BAPTIZING DAY was painted in New York by 56-year-old Palmer Hayden from memory of childhood

days in Virginia where he was born. Scene took place in Aqua Creek near his home town of Wade Water.



Thoughts under a summer moon

IT'S LATE...so late that even the crickets are quiet.

But we can't bring ourselves to let it end...this moon silvered, wisteria-scented night.

I hardly dare close my eyes...for fear that when I open them I might find the place beside me still achingly empty...the little house, our first, our own, vanished back into the realm of dreams.

How long does it take, to realize that waiting is over? How many reassurances, like the packing away of uniforms, the heart-come home joy of setting out our shining sterling silver?

I guess it's womanlike, to be thinking about household goods, in this perfect moment. But

why not? The things of home...like our International Sterling...they're part of the magic.

Across the world, we planned we'd start out with real "family silver"...maybe just a little at first, but the *best*. Something we'd want to keep always. Something we'd be proud of, for ourselves, and the children we'll have, and a lifetime's guests...

It isn't just the moonlight that makes me feel like this. It's a dream lived up to...a promise of permanence and peace long hoped for, and at last becoming real.



When it's time to choose *your* silver, make

the choice with your head and with your heart.

You'll want, if you're wise and forward-looking, *sterling silver*—silver all the way through. And you'll want, too, the most beautiful and well-designed sterling you can find.

Let your jeweler show you the exquisite International Sterling patterns...artist-designed, finished with utmost perfection.

Start, if you like, with a few pieces or individual place settings (knife and fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon, and butter spreader)...complete your set later.

TUNE IN to *The Silver Theater*, Sunday evenings, 6:00 p. m., D. S. T., Columbia Broadcasting System.

Copyright 1949 International Silver Company, Waterbury, Conn.





FOR SPORTS, THE STRAPLESS WIRED BRA GIVES COMPLETE FREEDOM FROM SHOULDER-STRAP PRESSURE. EVEN IN ACTION, THE BRA DEFIES FORCE OF GRAVITY

THE WIRED BRA

Engineering marvel does away with straps for bare-shoulder fashions

In a season of bare-shouldered fashions the big news in the women's underwear field is the strapless, wired brassiere. This engineering marvel contains a single wire which makes an arch over each breast and a small loop in the center. Whereas in an ordinary bra the weight of the bust is supported by shoulder straps, in the strapless bra it is supported by the wire arches.

Some wired bras are made with shoulder straps

anyway (see next page) for use with dresses that cover the shoulders. In this case the wire goes under the breasts and the center loop turns down to permit plunging necklines. But the strapless type is most in demand for the bare-shouldered daytime dresses which are this season's vogue. With or without straps, the wired bra gives the wearer freedom from shoulder pull. At about \$5 apiece the industry expects to sell \$10,000,000 worth in one year.

"I GOT the RECIPE to beat summer skin troubles"



To make baby look 'good enough to eat'

"Here's the recipe. Sprinkle mild, soothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder on baby's skin every day, for smoother, lovelier skin, 'glowin' with health! Mennen is smoothest. It's antiseptic—helps prevent summer prickles and chafes, diaper rash, urine irritation, many other troubles. Here's why it's best . . .



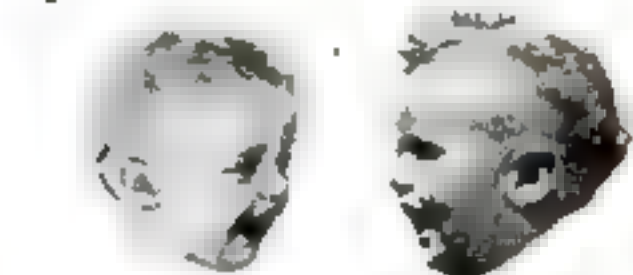
1. More baby specialists prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder than any other; they know best that Mennen Powder keeps baby's skin healthier, lovelier.*
2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness—means extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet . . . new, mild, flower-fresh scent!

*According to surveys

MORE BABY SPECIALISTS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER THAN ANY OTHER.*

4 TIMES AS MANY DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL AS ANY OTHER.*

Twice Blessings for Baby-
MENNEN



*Nationswide surveys



TAN MORE BEAUTIFULLY, SAFELY, COMFORTABLY . . . new beauty secret—mothers rave about their beautiful suntans (and baby's, too) with soothing, protective Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil. Try it yourself now—best for baby, best for you!

Wired Bra CONTINUED



BRA WITH STRAPS has the wire encased in a plush channel hugging under side of the bosom. The strap merely holds up material, carries no weight.



STRAPLESS BRA has wire over bosom. Alene, largest wired-bra manufacturer, makes three shapes: sweater, cup-shaped and accentuated, or Ubangi.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



Which way will these twigs incline?

Remember that old saying, "As the twig is bent . . ." ? It applies just as truly to the children of Europe and Asia as it does to those right here. They can grow to strong, good citizenship. Or, warped in mind and body, embittered by constant hunger — *listen to another Hitler a few years from now!*

What *you* do in this critical hour will help decide their future. Not only for your conscience's sake, but because it is perhaps the best form of insurance against another war — won't you back up in every *possible* way our promise to send food?

That means sharing your table, so long as the need is pressing. Surely, you'll continue to salvage fats, serve potatoes, save flour.

Put up your vegetable crop, so you can give more to the Emergency Food Collection.

It's easier to do with less bread if you keep in mind the fact that only *half a slice* per day from every American home allows 500,000 loaves to go overseas. While we may scrimp, each of us will still eat *well*. There's abundant nourishment at your market. There's milk — and many other dairy products — to lend meals high health value.

Of course, you'll take as much care not to *waste* milk as you will to conserve other things. Because it's nature's most nearly perfect food, milk is precious, too. Make every drop work for your family's well-being. *We'll* work to keep it wholesome and pure.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

NEW "30 CONTROL" HEATING PAD

HELPS
EASE
PAIN OF **DIFFICULT NIGHTS**



"Regular" pains, periodic pains, muscular pains—they all can be relieved by the magic of steady heat. And the Casco Heating Pad gives you steady heat when you want it, at the temperature you want, for as long as you want.

GET THE EXACT DEGREE OF HEAT YOU NEED. Tune in your choice of 30 fixed heats—not just "low, medium, high." The Nite-Lite Dial works like the one on your radio—lights up so you can read it in the dark.

SO SAFE CAN EVEN BE USED OVER WET DRESSINGS. Casco wetproof safety gives you protection against perspiration or accidental wetting; cannot cause short-circuits.



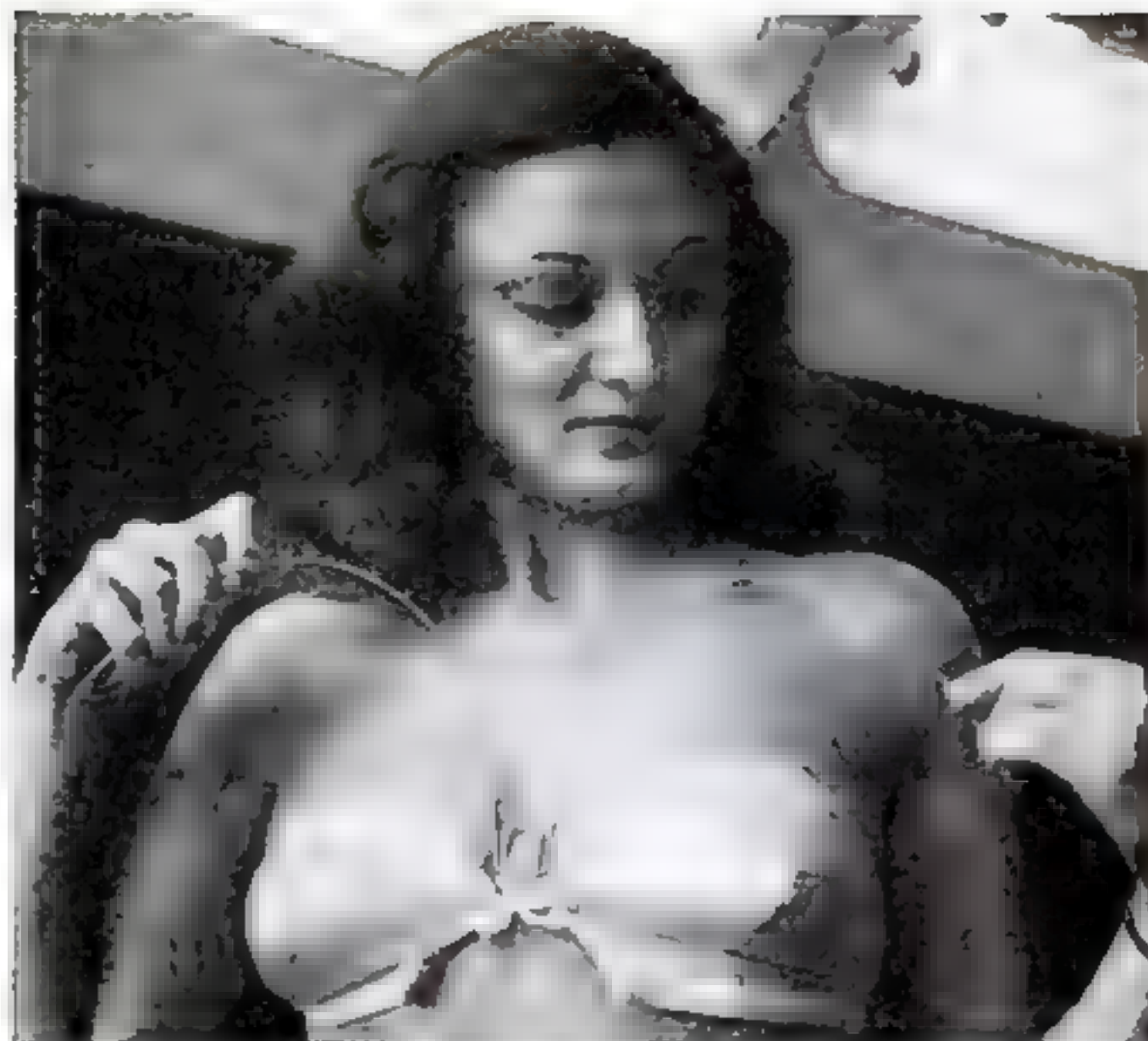
BE PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES TOO! When someone needs sure, safe, lasting heat be sure you have a Casco Heating Pad ready. You'll appreciate this pillow-soft heating pad that must pass 57 strict inspections for wear, for service, for safety, for comfort. It's the only genuine wetproof pad with the illuminated Nite-Lite Dial; with 30 fixed heats. Removable, washable cover fastened with Waldo's Kover-Zip. Insist on a genuine Casco Heating Pad. Wetproof and other models at drug, department and electrical stores. Casco Products Corporation, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

CASCO

WETPROOF ELECTRIC HEATING PAD

WATCH CASCO FOR NEW AND UNUSUAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO BETTER LIVING

Wired Bra CONTINUED



WIRE STRUCTURE of bra when inserted in material forms two arches anchored at both sides like an arch-span bridge. For washing, wire comes out.



ON A LIVE MODEL Jack Glick, designer for Alene Bras, figures out new styles. Here he sketches, over a strapped bra, outline for a new strapless one.



BRA IS FITTED to a perfect 34, B cup. Correct placing of tucks is essential for proper fit. Adjustable bow is an added feature for women who need it.

That Julep in July!



KENTUCKY MINT JULEP (here's how!): Chill silver julep cups or 12 oz. glasses in refrigerator. Muddle 3 or 4 leaves of mint (not stems) with teaspoon of powdered sugar and teaspoon of water. Fill cup with finely crushed ice, pour in one jigger Kentucky Tavern. Stir briskly until frost begins to appear and ice has dropped 1 or 2 inches. Fill remainder with crushed ice and pour in another jigger of Kentucky Tavern. Decorate with mint and insert straws through sprigs. Clip straws off near top of mint (so you get your nose right in it while sipping); place in icebox for half an hour (if you can wait that long) then serve, sip and smile!

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky

©1940 G. D. CO.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

new

AND IMPROVED
HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL



RELEASES MORE

POWER

Because it Cleans as it Lubricates!

More power, more gas mileage, smoother performance, easier starting, longer engine life, lower upkeep costs, higher trade-in value.

You get all these benefits from New and Improved Havoline because an entirely new formula, exclusive in this famous motor oil, *cleans* your motor as it lubricates — eliminates costly "dirt drag". Naturally, a clean motor

uses less effort and less gasoline to do its work.

The great lubricating qualities for which Havoline was already famous are still there. But now they can do a better job than ever, in a *clean* motor.

Change today to New and Improved Havoline — the motor oil that *cleans as it lubricates*.

At all Texaco Dealers.

You're welcome at

where you get...

TEXACO DEALERS



SKY CHIEF
GASOLINE



SKY CHIEF
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HAVOLINE AND TEXACO
MOTOR OILS



MARFAK
LUBRICATION



THE
TEXAS
COMPANY

Tune in The TEXACO STAR THEATRE starring JAMES MELTON Sunday nights. See newspapers for time and station.

the North Shore

A SMALL PATCH OF LONG ISLAND HOUSES THE RICH AND GREAT OF NEW YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS for LIFE by NINA LEEN

*I*T requires little more than an hour to drive from the sweltering summer heat of Manhattan to the cool comfort of the country club below. But it can take a lifetime, if not several generations, of financial and social success to become one of its 700 members. The Piping Rock Club lies in the heart of the most socially desirable residential area in the U.S.—the North Shore of Long Island. Nowhere else in such costly profusion can be found such great, handsome and such scrupulously tended estates as those on the North Shore. While more ostentatious centers like Newport and Saratoga have passed their prime, the North Shore continues to flourish, providing for those within its select premises a pattern of life that is ordered, gracious and, amid great luxury, basically simple.

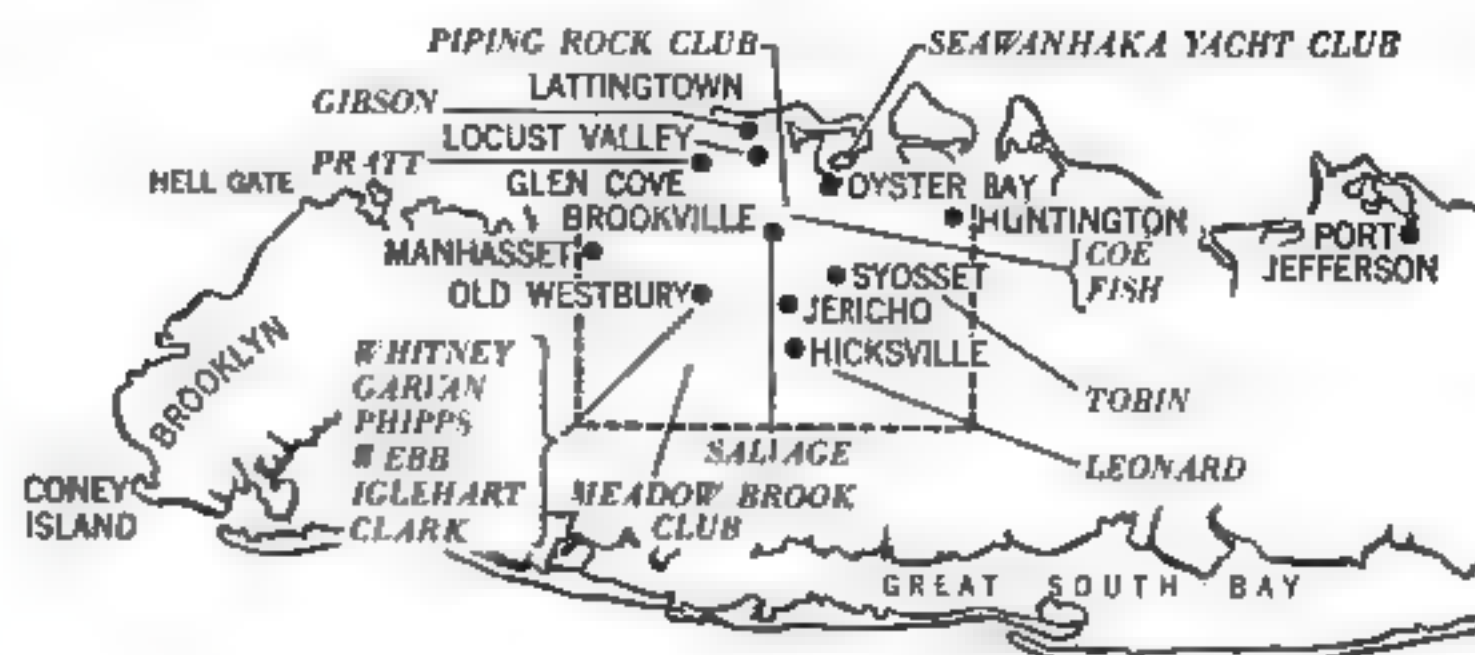


CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



IRON GATE with his initials in it guards the estate of John S. Phipps, son of Andrew Carnegie's partner. Phipps, who married Shipping Magnate M. P. Grace's daughter, is father of one polo player, Mike Phipps (see p. 79), and uncle of another, Winston Guest.

North Shore CONTINUED



FINE ESTATES DOT

*W*HILE a man living on a garbage scow in Flushing Bay could in all honesty claim to live on the north shore of Long Island, it is unlikely that he would. This is because "North Shore," in quotes, has a specialized meaning to New Yorkers. Instead of referring to the 111-mile stretch of coastline from Hell Gate to Montauk Point, it has arbitrarily come to mean only that 16-mile portion of it between Manhasset and Huntington. Back from the Sound lies a roughly square patch of gently rolling land extending down to the polo center of Old Westbury, all of which is considered to be part of the North Shore. As shown on the map above, its pleasantly named towns and villages, like Brookville, Lattingtown, Glen Cove, Jericho, Syosset, are comprehended in the township of Oyster Bay, a name best known to most of the U.S. for its association with Republican Roosevelts and the tomb of T. R.

In the early years of the automobile age a group of North Shore millionaires built a private highway on which, leaving behind them the raucous slums of Brooklyn and Queens, they could speed past dreary seas of suburban row houses to their great estates. Now fine public highways



GEORGIAN RESIDENCE of Stockbroker Edwin A. Fish, of Smith, Barney & Co., was designed for him by the architectural firm of Delano and Aldrich, whose edifices dot much of the North Shore. This fine house is situated in Locust Valley, almost oppo-

site that of W. R. Coe (pp. 80-81). Since the death of his wife, the former Christine Biddle of Philadelphia, Mr. Fish, who is childless, has lived here alone in the summers. In the winters he takes to his New York apartment in The Waldorf-Astoria Towers.



A SMALL REGION

lead to the North Shore, but to a passing motorist the estates themselves are a frustrating disappointment. From the road he sees only well-raked drives, clipped hedges, high walls and imposing gateways. Only in winter, when trees are bare, can he catch a glimpse of a Tudor or Georgian mansion, surrounded by its greenhouses, stables and empty swimming pool.

The occupants of these fine homes for the most part live there all summer instead of traipsing from one resort to another as their fathers did. They have changed the North Shore from a Rolls Royce country to a Buick country. They live with the unpretentious ease of a well-entrenched moneyed class, busy with sports, hobbies and charities, surrounded by yachting trophies, etchings of dogs, silver mugs won on polo fields and portraits painted by fashionable artists. Their North Shore domain is assailed by the breakup of the very biggest estates and by encroachment along the edges by middle-class suburbia. Nevertheless the North Shore's residents have just survived the heaviest taxation in their history and as long as they continue prudently to preserve their fortunes by frequent intermarriage, their handsome way of life seems likely to persist.



HALF-MILE HIPPED WALK, flanked by carved stone columns, is part of the Syosset estate of Richard M. Tobin, banker, philanthropist and former Minister to Holland. His wife, born a Sloane, was hostess to Prince of Wales during his famous visit in 1924.



ENGLISH-STYLE MANSION of the late Sir Samuel Salvage is surrounded by lovely gardens, a swimming pool, dovecot, greenhouse, rose garden, teahouse and tennis court. All this bears witness to the success achieved by Sir Samuel, who came

to the U. S. as plain Samuel Salvage, made a fortune in rayon and was knighted in 1942 for his work with British War Relief by King George VI. Two of his daughters married brothers, Frank L. and James P. Polk, descendants of President James K. Polk.



MRS. DOUGLAS McCHARTY, who as Aida ("Wendy") Iglehart was one of the North Shore's leading deb's, sits beneath her portrait in La Granja, the art tiled home of her late parents, D. S. Iglehart, former head of the Grace shipping line, and his Chilean-born wife. Polo Star Stewart Iglehart is her brother. One room contains a Goya and a Rubens.



HAND-PAINTED TRAYS collected by wife, the former Mrs. Helen Whitney Bourne, adorn home of Harvey Gibson, president of Manufacturers Trust.



COCKER SPANIEL from her kennel is admired by Mrs. F. P. Garvan, her son and his wife. Daughter of tycoon Anthony N. Brady, Mrs. Garvan was owner of famous cocker My Own Brucie.



BEAUTIFUL GARDENS have made Mrs. Harold I. Pratt famous in her own right. The huge Pratt family won large fortune in Standard Oil, owns seven estates in one big section of Glen Cove.





EARLY AMERICANA, particularly carved wooden figures, is the hobby of the J. Watson Webbs of Old Westbury. They are sitting in a playhouse which also contains pool (below) and a tennis court (p. 83).



ALFRESCO LUNCHEON at home on the lawn typifies the quiet sort of entertaining North Shore favors. This one was given by Edgar Leonard (right) and his wife (center), aided by butlers, Smith and Froggatt, who have served Mrs. Leonard 21 and 15 years respectively. Smith speaks three languages.



INDOOR POOL of the Webbs' playhouse is lined with a mural of the formal North Shore version of the great outdoors. Webb, once a famous polo player himself, is a descendant of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who controlled the New York Central

Railroad. His wife, the former Electra Havemeyer, is a sugar heiress whose father left a priceless collection of art to New York's Metropolitan Museum. His daughter married Dunbar Bostwick, ex-North Shore resident and brother of polo-playing Pete (p. 78).



THE MAMMOTH STABLES of Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney contain 70 stalls, which today are almost empty of horses save for a few which Mrs. Whitney drives (see cover). Estate owners, like Mrs. Whitney, often like to ride about their grounds in carriages with a coachman up behind.



STEWART IGLEHART, an all-round athlete and the foremost U.S. polo player today, rates a top 10-goal handicap. His wife, the former Marjorie Le Bouthillier, was a well-known polo player, too.



LIFETIME IN THE SADDLE has left F. Ambrose Clark, horsey set's dean, still crazy over horses even though it has broken nearly every bone in his body.



PETE BOSTWICK, shown with his wife, learned polo from his uncle, Ambrose Clark. He is also well known as an amateur jockey.

IT IS A MECCA FOR HORSEMEN



GENTLEMAN FARMER C. V. Whitney raises pedigree black Angus cattle on his 600-acre estate in Old Westbury, a program he started on his Lexington, Ky. horse farm. Once a fine polo player, he owned Equipose, now has First Flight, leading 2-year old filly in the U.S.

LONG Island has long been associated with horse racing, steeplechasing, polo and fox hunting. The center of this activity is the Meadow Brook Club, founded in 1881 and steeped alike in horsey atmosphere and trophies. American polo got its start here, and the international polo trophy was first lifted from England in 1909 by the famous "Big Four" Meadow Brook team of Harry Payne Whitney (father of Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, shown above), Lawrence Waterbury, Devereux Milburn and J. M. Waterbury Jr. Meadow Brook's famous robin's-egg-blue stands have since been filled many times, both for international and East-West matches, and its prestige upheld on and off the field by the descendants of the Big Four and their friends, among them the Whitneys, Phippses, Guests, Bost-

wicks, Igleharts, Gerrys, Hitchcocks. In the Inner Circle of Long Island's Inner Circle no names ring more golden. Experts estimate that only about 40 players from 17 families today dominate the sport. Doubtless the main reason is the annual expense, which the players must bear themselves and which one player says averages \$10,000 per year, before considering the purchase of polo ponies. They run from \$1,000 to \$15,000 apiece and each player uses about five per game.

Meadow Brook also has a fox-hunting season during which the gaily attired members can gallop to their hearts' content after hounds racing across their own and their neighbors' land. Later, at the hunt balls, the red-coated guests gather in the mellow atmosphere of rooms hung with prints, cups and brushes of little foxes killed long ago.



STEPHEN ("LADDIE") SANFORD'S polo handicap is five goals. Son of a millionaire carpet manufacturer and horse racer, he has played in both English and U.S. matches. In 1933 he married film actress Mary Duncan.



MICHAEL GRACE PHIPPS, shown in front of the Meadow Brook Club, is son of John S. Phipps and grew up in back of the iron gate shown on page 74, graduating from Yale in 1932. He is rated at nine goals in polo and is also known as a capable painter of animal subjects.



IMPOSING LAWNS of the Coe estate are beautifully barbered. For charity benefits, the grounds are sometimes thrown open to public. At right is a beech tree, one of many Mr. Coe has moved in landscaping his place. More than a million daffodils bloom here annually.



FAMOUS CARSHALTON GATES, made by Sussex, England iron- and stoneworkers in 1720, were bought by William Coe from Lord Wittenham in 1921. British authorities vainly attempted to prevent their shipment to the U. S.

IT HAS FAMOUS LAWNS, GARDENS

CHARACTERISTIC of the beautifully tended North Shore is Planting Fields, the 435-acre Oyster Bay estate shown on these two pages. It belongs to William Robertson Coe, who has great interests in insurance, collieries and the Virginian Railway. Though he once owned a racing stable, Mr. Coe has turned to gardening and has developed some 175 acres into a park, whose exquisite lawns and shaded walks are bordered by beautiful azaleas, rhododendrons, dogwood and specimen wisteria 15 to 20 feet across.

The products of Mr. Coe's flower beds and greenhouses have been frequent winners in North Shore flower shows over those of his socialite lady competitors—just as, years ago, his thoroughbred Ladyman and Osculator showed their heels to Sonny Whitney's Equipose.



THE COE HOUSE is built of imported gray stone originally intended for St. Bartholomew's Church in New York and has been called one of the finest examples of Elizabethan architecture in this country. After the death of his first wife, daughter of the late Henry

H. Rogers, once head of Standard Oil, Coe in 1926 married Caroline G. Slaughter of Charleston, S. C. Subsequently he bought an old plantation in Yemassee, not far from her home. In the house above, Coe's daughter Natalie was married to an Italian diplomat.



ORCHID-FANCIER COE, with his estate superintendent, examines one of his finest in the huge greenhouses where he has won fame among horticulturists. A consistent prize winner with his orchids, he also keeps an outstanding collection of hibiscus, includ-

ing 25 double varieties, and a camellia house in which he raises 50 different varieties, all imported, via England, from China and Japan. Greenhouses require hundreds of tons of coal a year and a night watchman to keep atmospheric conditions correct at all times.

ITS CLUB LIFE IS SIMPLE



ON INDOOR TENNIS COURT of the J. Watson Webb playhouse (pp. 76-77), son Harry Webb plays with a friend before a silent gallery of wooden Indians from his mother's collection. Mrs. Webb's prize Indian has a papoose. The only other similar collector Mrs. Webb knows of is Henry Ford, but she has never seen his collection.



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH at Lattingtown is the scene of fashionable weddings. Here its late vestryman, J. P. Morgan, used to take the collection.

*W*HETHER in their homes or their exclusive clubs, the residents of the North Shore live quietly among themselves, an end toward which each estate is designed. At home a few friends will be asked over for tennis, followed by a swim, cocktails and lunch at the pool. Night life generally consists of small, unspectacular dinners. The North Shore's "little season" of debutante parties is as unpublicized as Mrs. Charles Payson's annual costume dance, one of the biggest social events on the island. The clubs, like the Piping Rock (p. 73), the Meadow Brook (p. 79) and those on these pages are fairly unpretentious and exist for specific athletic purposes. Whatever pleasure he seeks, no North Shore dweller need leave his social circle, for everything is at hand.



AVIATION COUNTRY CLUB at Hicksville has a small membership headed by President Robert G. Payne (standing). Its hangar houses 25 private planes and four others provided for those members who do not have planes of their own.



SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB is one of the exclusive few which are still largely sailing clubs. Although it allowed a few members like Junius Morgan to keep powerboats, the club concentrates mainly on racing its own 21-foot Seawanhaka class boats.



JUNIOR MEMBERS OF SEAWANHAKA CLUB
HAVE THEIR OWN BOATS AND CLUBHOUSE.
THE YOUNG MAN IS P. JAMES ROOSEVELT



CHAPTER I • HISTORY OF
**LIBBEY
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LOVING CUP—BLOWN 1833 10½ by 9¼ inches. The hollow stem holds two coins, one dated 1817; the other 1818. Handles are hollow. Blown as a wedding present for George Dale, a member of the company.

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—ruby goblet, circa 1865, executed by the great engraver, Louis Vaupel—a work which took a year to complete.



—a richly cut "Victoria" goblet of the 1930's. Price, in the Libbey catalogue of the time, \$2,500.00 a dozen.



—1941—pre-Pearl Harbor—crystal scroll vase from the masterly Libbey collection of fine table glass.

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RUSSIA 1946.



ATKINSON OF THE "TIMES"

Ex-Moscow correspondent of New York "Times" sees no chance for real friendship with U.S.S.R.... He finds its arts and culture stagnant.... Its leaders do not want war, but best U.S. can hope for is armed peace

by **BROOKS ATKINSON**

Until four years ago New England-born, Harvard-bred Brooks Atkinson was best known as the learned drama critic of the New York Times. In 1942 he left Times Square for Chungking, where he served for the next two years as the Times correspondent in China. In July 1945 he went to Moscow for 10 months. Returning to this country a few weeks ago, he wrote a series of three articles on Russia which were published in the Times on July 7, 8 and 9. They constitute perhaps the most illuminating report on the Soviet Union that has yet appeared in the U. S. press.

Three days after the publication of this series Pravda, official organ of the Soviet Union's Communist party, carried a violent attack on Mr. Atkinson, containing some of the angriest billingsgate ever hurled by the Russian press at an accredited U. S. correspondent. The heat and venom—and the incoherence—of the Pravda attack plainly showed that the validity of the Atkinson article had stung the Kremlin to the quick. Written by David Zaslavsky, political commentator, and entitled "An Untalented Calumniator," the Pravda article denounced Mr. Atkinson as a "bandit" and a "savage." Particularly stung by his observations on the stagnation of Russian art and letters, Pravda declared sardonically that Mr. Atkinson "understands as much in ideas and art as any other 'our own correspondent' from a Chicago meat-packing plant understands about oranges." The day the Pravda attack was published, Mr. Atkinson was visiting the White House at the invitation of President Truman.

LIFE herewith reprints, through the courtesy of the New York Times, Mr. Atkinson's articles, with minor deletions made by the author himself for reasons of space.

IN the attempt to establish workable relations with the Government of the Soviet Union we have to abandon the familiar concepts of friendship. Friendship in the sense of intimate association and political compromise is not wanted, is not possible and is not involved. For the Soviet Government "apparatus," as the Russians use the word, is a political machine; and human approaches, like those implied in the word "friendship," are wide of the mark.

On the whole, the Russian people are admirable people—genuine, hard-working and practical. You can trust their strength, native intelligence and courage. But between us and the Russian people stands the Soviet Government. Despite its sanctimonious use of the word "democracy," it is a totalitarian government. The familiar dictatorship of the proletariat is actually the dictatorship of the thirteen members of the Politburo of the Communist party.

There are no freedoms inside the Soviet Union. As far as I know, the Government is not imposed on the people against their will, nor is it a corrupt government that puts the personal interests of any one group ahead of what are regarded as the true interests of the State. Despite many internal disorders and disloyalties, like the factory frauds recently penalized and the treason of large groups in the Crimean and Chechen-

Ingush Republics, my impression is that the people of the Soviet Union generally trust and respect the wisdom and integrity of their leaders.

But, by nature, the Government is a machine for generating power inside the Soviet Union and as far outside as the power can be made to extend; and all attempts to deal with it in terms of friendship are doomed to failure. Although we are not enemies, we are not friends; and the most we can hope for is an armed peace for the next few years.

Where our interests lie, we have to apply equal power in the opposite direction. This is the most reactionary method of arranging world affairs. But the spirit of the Soviet Government is fundamentally reactionary, as its attitude toward defeated nations and the behavior of the Red Army in Manchuria suggest. Accustomed to the use of force inside the Soviet Union, the Soviet Government instinctively thinks in terms of force in its external affairs.

Westerners who have seen that force in action are shocked by the mechanical power with which it crushes opposition, builds political bases and pushes people around.

Why are the Russians so difficult? There are a great many reasons. One reason is that their leaders have come up the hard way as professional revolutionaries trying to win power in a hostile environment, and they still believe in the methods that succeeded in 1917. In the Czarist state, which was also a tyrannical, police state, the professional revolutionaries maintained their organization by submitting to an austere discipline; and they developed to a high degree the technique of activity in secret. Vigilance and discipline got them to power; they believe that both are necessary to developing power today.

Among other things, they agreed to the vicious doctrine that the end justifies the means—which, incidentally, may be the reason why the first Socialist state in the world has not released the workers from slavery but has reduced them to totalitarian slavery that includes the mind as well as the back.

The revolution was created in an underworld of planning, strategy, deceit, secrecy and violence. Since by force of circumstances the revolutionaries are not lawbreakers now but are lawgivers, they can afford to relax, and they do. But much of the old tradition survives. They still conduct the affairs of state in secret. Soviet citizens have no more information about the current affairs of the Soviet Government than foreigners do.

In some cases they have less, because information that is not commonly known inside the Soviet Union leaks out through foreign channels. Although the most violent period of the Soviet revolution has probably passed, a streak of violence persists. No one knows how many million political prisoners are now living in jail or in exile. The estimates run all the way from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000. No government in the world has so many internal crises and problems to face as the Soviet Government, which must conduct an industrial revolution simultaneously with its political revolution, and educate its people swiftly and effectively.

In view of the success of the Soviet Government inside the huge area of the Soviet Union, it is a little difficult for foreigners to understand the feeling of insecurity that the Soviet leaders have. Premier Stalin is prob-



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ably the most heavily guarded person in the world. Every Soviet citizen as well as every foreigner has to carry with him at all times his passport and personal identification papers, and he has to make frequent use of them. What we regard as wartime security methods are the daily security methods of the Soviet Union.

No foreigner knows much about what goes on throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union; as Paul Winteron has expressed it, there are only varying degrees of ignorance about the Soviet Union. But I know of no active, organized opposition to the government, although it is rumored that "certain circles" (a common Soviet newspaper phrase) in the Ukraine are restless and need watching.

"Certain circles" there are said to believe that they have paid too high a price for the war and, no doubt irrationally, hold the present government responsible for their disasters. The imposing Communist headquarters in Odessa was burned last December in a fire that is thought to have been sabotage. There is active anti-Semitism in the Ukraine. But the Central Government should be able to cope with dissident groups. As far as a foreigner can tell, the Soviet leaders are in a strong position. They have led their people to a remarkable victory over an efficient, modern foe; and the Communist party is naturally taking full credit for winning the war—in various degrees ignoring the contributions the other Allies made to the defeat of Germany and taking credit for the knockout blow against Japan.

Apart from normal grumbling about the hardness of living, the people seem to believe in their government. But it is not in the nature of men like members of the Politburo to feel secure. As leaders of a backward, poorly fed, loosely organized country that is trying to lift itself by its bootstraps in a hurry, they have many unpleasant duties to perform and many labors to lay on the backs of their people. No doubt they feel that the circumstances require that they have freedom to act at the top without criticism, opposition or observation. Their behavior abroad is the same as it is at home, except that they do not have abroad the protection of a controlled press and the means of silencing opposition.

Part of our difficulties with the Soviet Union are owing to the ignorance of the Soviet leaders. Very few of them have been outside the Soviet Union. After many years of isolation, and also some bitter experiences with foreign countries, they have developed a phobia about the rest of the world. The spirit of the Soviet Government is anti-foreign. Ever since the bloody purges of 1936 there has been a nameless terror about foreigners, who are regarded as spies and enemies of the Soviet Union.

Association with foreigners and active interest in foreign countries has in some vague way come to be regarded as treachery to the Soviet Union. Even the leaders are not immune. Leaders who get on too well with foreigners or who rationalize foreign points of view are treading on dangerous ground. They may find themselves in the doghouse before they know it.

Even Mr. Stalin, who is regarded as having more common sense and balance than most Soviet leaders, does not understand freedom or democracy; in addition to his training in the doctrines of Marxism, he probably develops his ideas about foreign countries from prejudiced and incomplete information supplied by Soviet diplomats and journalists.

The Soviet leaders are the victims of their isolationism. Although they have access to an enormous mass of information from abroad, they lack the experience to analyze it. Having lived all their lives behind the "iron curtain" (a marvelously apt phrase) they cannot meet foreign problems or foreigners on what we regard as a normal basis.

After the Moscow conference of last December, many foreigners believe that the Politburo made a deliberate decision to return to the *status quo ante bellum* and to regard foreign nations with a capitalist economy as inevitable enemies of the Soviet Union. Whatever the sincerity of such a point of view may be, it obviously creates inside the Soviet Union an atmosphere that is easier for a dictatorship to dominate. It is easier to rule a people who believe that a hostile world is organizing to exterminate them. As we have learned by our own experience during the war, people work better when they believe that they are working to save their national life.

The general level of the arts is low

THE atmosphere of Moscow is abnormal. All normal communication being cut off with the outside world, the intellectual climate is stagnant. Behind the iron curtain of censorship, the emotional reactions to rumors and also to facts are neurotic. When news is removed from its normal background in the day's events and



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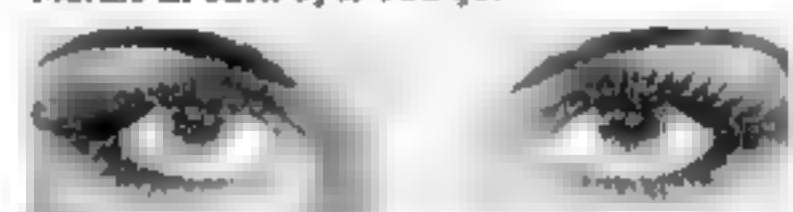


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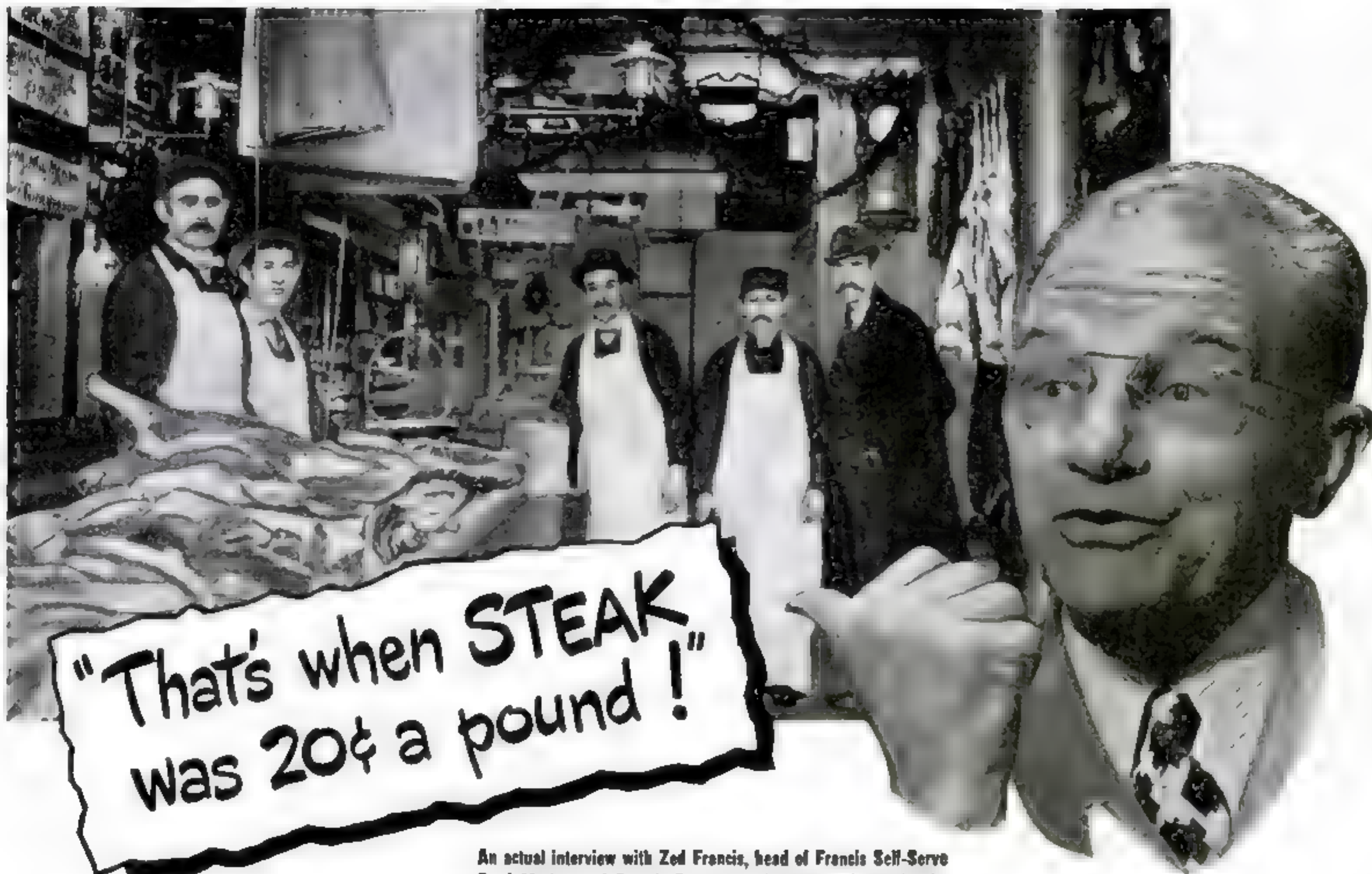
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An actual interview with Zed Francis, head of Francis Self-Serve Food Market and Francis Restaurant, Uniontown, Pennsylvania.



1 "Good steaks at that price, Mr. Francis?"

"Best in town. Things were cheap back in 1903—but man, how we worked to make a dollar! Hauling our own ice—slicing meat by hand—firing up a coal stove—chores here, chores there—why it was even a chore to light the lights. See those old gas lamps in the picture?"

2 "Sure enough. Had to get up on a box to light 'em?"

"Yep. Some difference between lighting those lamps and flipping an electric switch! But when we first put in electricity—in 1911—some customers said we were crazy. Then we bought the first electric meat-slicer in Uniontown—and how it speeded up our business!"

3 "Now you've everything electrical, ah?"

"Just about. I guess. Good lighting—refrigeration—air conditioning, grills, ovens and a dishwasher too. I can't name 'em all—but I can say that electricity helped us grow. In fact, it made it easy to do many times the volume we did in the gas lamp days."



4 "Looks like electricity did a good job for you."

"A swell job! I give a lot of credit to the electric folks for making electricity so cheap and dependable. I can't understand why some people want to take the business away from the electric companies and let the government run it. Can you explain that one?"

5 "They say government can sell electricity cheaper."

"The price may look cheaper—sure—but that's just window dressing. You see, government operations pay little or no taxes. Electric companies pay plenty. So when government takes over an electric company, the Treasury loses a big chunk of taxes, doesn't it?"

6 "Naturally—and somebody has to make up the loss."

"And that 'somebody' is us—you and me. Look, mister, my taxes are high enough already. Besides, I don't believe in government running the electric business—or my business—or anybody else's business. Didn't we just fight a war against that very principle?"

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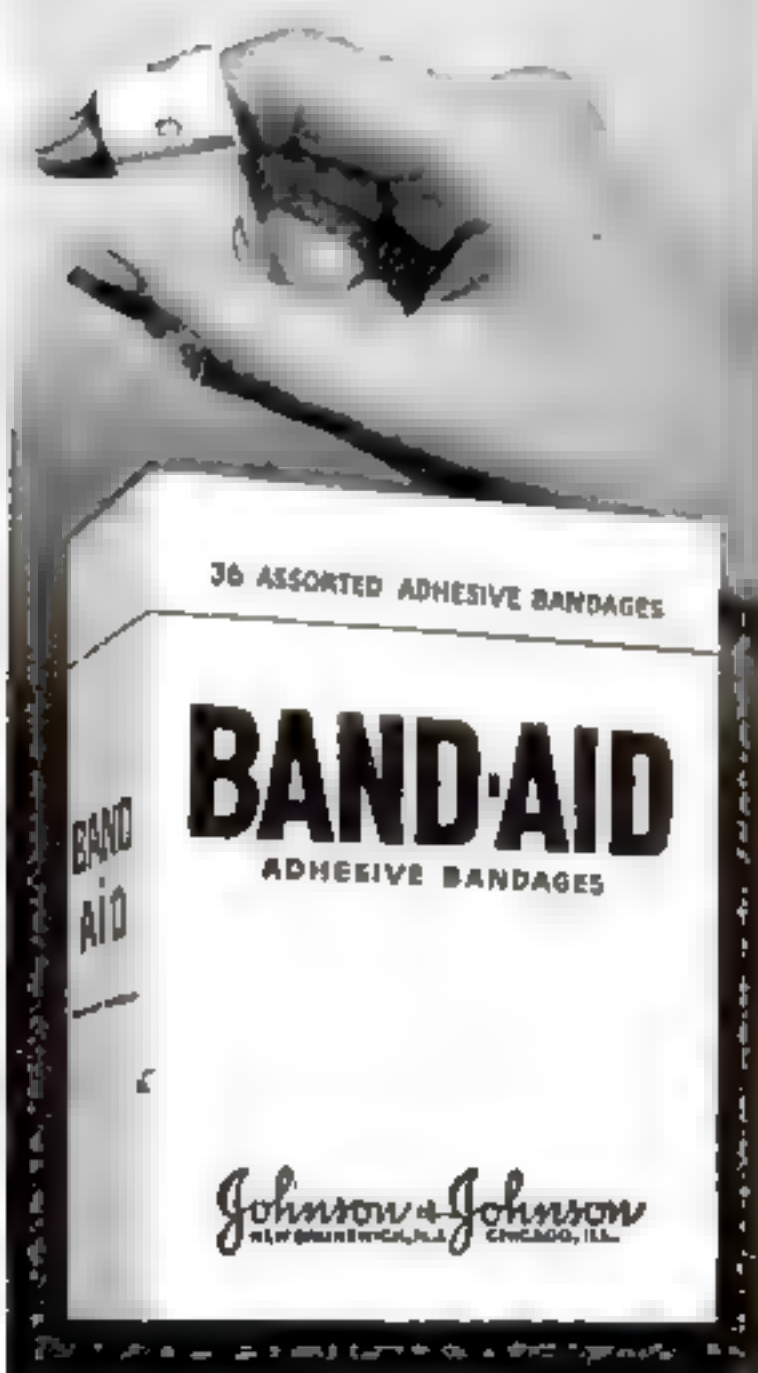
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RUSSIA 1946 CONTINUED

manipulated for the purpose of conditioning opinion, specific items often come as a shock.

The report of Mr. Churchill's speech at Fulton, Mo., was not published in the Soviet Union for a few days, presumably while the Soviet leaders were deciding how to handle it. When finally they did publish it, with simultaneous political comment, Moscow received it hysterically as if the atomic bombs might start dropping before midnight. Where there are no safety valves to let off pressure every day, the emotional explosions are sudden, swift and disturbing.

After the shattering experience of two world wars we are all familiar with the arguments for political and commercial internationalism as the only means for avoiding military catastrophes. But Moscow also illustrates the necessity for intellectual and cultural association on a world scale. There are no new ideas in Moscow. All the old ones are reiterated with stupefying regularity. All the newspapers say the same thing in almost the same way, usually on the same day; with some refreshing exceptions, every man writes like every other man.

The prolonged policy of barring foreigners from Russia, of isolating the few who do creep in, of restricting their movements in the country and of censoring news and suppressing it has created a bloodless, old-fashioned, petit-bourgeois culture that is colorless and conventional.

Since I know nothing about science, I have unfortunately no way of judging the results of one of the most industrious activities of the Soviet Union, although I do know that the general level of medical practice is low. But from personal observation I feel competent to report that the general level of theatre, art and music is low—and I suspect that many writers, actors and musicians realize it. On the whole, there is no vitality in the arts; they are reactionary and moribund. Under the dead weight of political control there is little opportunity for individual enterprise and experiment.

It would be logical to expect a new society, such as the Russians are trying to create, to be daring and bold in the arts. But it seems to me that Soviet art contains just as much hokum and bathos as ours, without producing occasional works of originality that compensate for the failures. The combination of isolationism and totalitarianism has resulted in the death of new ideas.

The Soviet leaders suffer from group paranoia

IN an abnormal climate of this kind, group aberrations flourish. And it seems to me that the most conspicuous and also the most irritating abnormality in Soviet leadership is a group paranoia. The leaders imagine that every man's hand is against them; they imagine that they are surrounded. And, of course, there is no more certain way of arousing first the bewilderment, then the contempt and finally the enmity of other nations. In view of the size, strength, courage and inexhaustible resources of the Soviet Union, this phobia about being trapped and cramped would be hilarious, if it were not so troublesome to foreigners who want to find some way of getting on with the Soviet Union.

As far as danger from abroad is concerned, the United States, with its highly integrated economy, is more vulnerable, even with the atomic bomb in the cellar. But differences of opinion and differences of interest in international affairs are interpreted by the Soviet leaders as aggressive hostility to the Soviet Union, for that is how they would interpret differences of opinion and interest inside Russia. A Soviet citizen who opposed a Stalinist policy would be removed from society as an enemy of the State.

In America, there is a kind of old wives' tale to the effect that the leaders of the Soviet Union are shrewd, cunning and realistic men who always know from one moment to the next where they are going. But I suspect that they are rather commonplace men who have had no experience of democracy at home and are confused by manifestations of democracy abroad. After successfully destroying differences of opinion at home for the holiest Marxian reasons, they instinctively regard differences of opinion abroad as treachery to the Soviet Union and to the common people. Marxianism is a splendid science that has purged itself of the unscientific spontaneity of human nature.

The most formidable impediment to amicable international relations is the basic fact that the Soviet Union is a Socialist state developing and expanding in a capitalist world. According to the Communist party line, the Soviet is not secure from aggression so long as capitalist countries like the United States and Great Britain also hold dominant positions in the world. Russia has in the past maintained workable relations with capitalist countries, including Nazi Germany when Hitler was fighting the West.

But the party line has now reverted to the theory that "monop-

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is Back Again!

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No. 1
MINIATURE
Including Carrying Case **\$3.98**
Tax Paid

Preserve those precious memories with a Falcon General Top for picture performance—sharp, sparkling, brilliant pictures. Tops for film economy—16 pictures on any standard 127 roll film. Supplied in several body designs.
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Available Soon!
On the way . . . other Falcon Cameras, priced up to \$23.50.

FALCON CAMERA CO. Chicago 2, Ill.

DRINK

Desbitt's

Desbitt's
MADE FROM
Real ORANGES

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

Body Styling by
Darrin

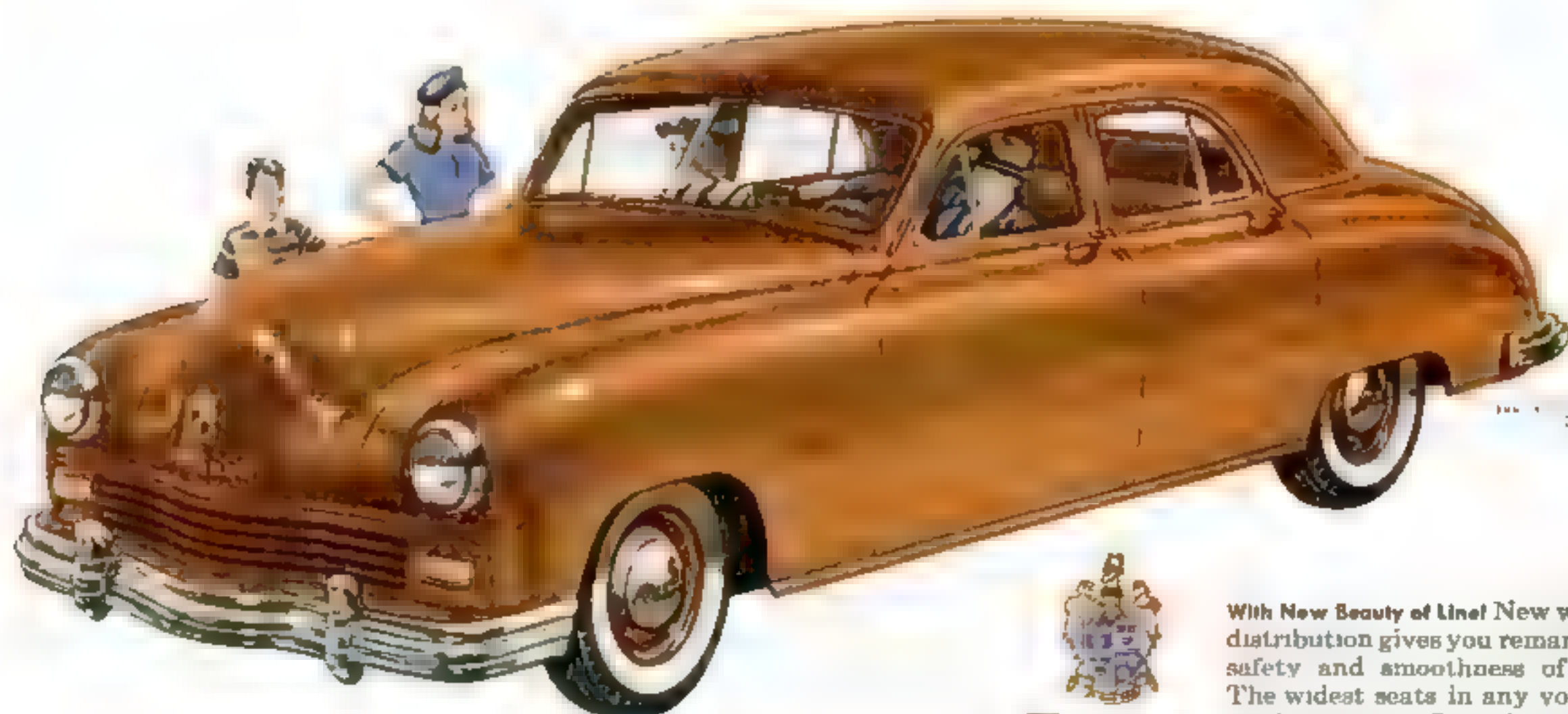


The Special — With Exciting Performance! The result of advanced engineering and exhaustive tests it has everything you expect in styling, comfort, roominess, roadability and thrilling power.

*Their
Beauty, too*
is a
Year Ahead!

There's an exciting beauty about the 1947 KAISER and FRAZER that sets them apart from all the rest. Their "custom-built" appearance—their smooth, trim lines—reflect the genius of America's outstanding custom car stylist. Superlative design, modern fabrics and smart appointments combine to give these first 1947 automobiles an appeal you can't resist.

But beauty is only *one* of the qualities that put them a year ahead of the field! Their engineering, too, is definitely *postwar*! The sensational new FRAZER and the amazing new KAISER SPECIAL are in production now. Ask your dealer about them today.



With New Beauty of Line! New weight distribution gives you remarkable safety and smoothness of ride. The widest seats in any volume-production car. Smartly tailored two-tone upholstery.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION

GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION

WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

Where "Good Taste" counts

It TAKES the skill and experience of a fine cook to produce a summertime food classic like this tempting platter. And it takes the skill and experience of generations of expert blenders to give its companion in good taste—Seagram's 5 Crown—its appealing flavor and welcome smoothness.

That's why Seagram's 5 Crown should always be present "where good taste counts".

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality



SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY, 72% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 96° PROOF, SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CORP., CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

oly capital," as the Soviet writers invariably describe it, is Fascist, is preserving the centers of fascism and is bent on the destruction of socialism.

The United States is portrayed in the Soviet press as a violent, imperialistic nation that is extending its power throughout the world and is trampling on the rights of small nations, and the "monopoly capitalists" in the United States are portrayed as thwarting the "broad masses of the peace-loving peoples of the world," which is another daily idiom of the Soviet press.

During my ten months in Moscow, I never discovered in a newspaper or magazine any reference to the United States suggesting that, like the Russians, we also have creditable characteristics. Great Britain is portrayed in a baleful light, despite the fact that socialism has come to power at one time or another in England, New Zealand and Australia. This latter fact might throw some doubt on the theory that the trouble lies between socialism and capitalism. Perhaps the trouble is elsewhere.

After my tour of duty in Moscow, I prefer the Western type of capitalism because it is more interested in individual men and women and places a high value on human freedom. The preservation of human freedom was the cause of the war; it remains the paramount issue in world society. Socialism is a rational approach to the problems of the world. And, as we are likely to find out in Britain, socialism does not necessarily involve the destruction of human liberties.

The U.S.S.R. and the problems of freedom

IN the case of so vast and varied a country as Russia, which has many nationalities to group together, socialism is probably the only system that can open the way to material progress. If there were any way of distinguishing between Soviet socialism and Soviet totalitarianism every man would watch with interest and hope the development of socialism inside Russia for the light it could shed on the problems of the rest of the world.

As a matter of fact, every thinking man will watch it with interest because, whatever else may be true of Russia, the achievements of socialism there so far have had the most profound effect on the rest of the world. People everywhere profoundly want to believe that some economic system is ideal, and, knowing nothing about the misery of life in Russia, they want to believe that Soviet Russia has found the ideal solution. By our standards, the Soviet Union has so far not solved any of the problems of freedom—including freedom from want and freedom from fear.

To anyone who is attracted by the theory of socialism, the police regimentation of the Soviet people is not only disillusioning but frightening. But again, in my opinion, socialism in itself is not the source of the trouble between the Soviet Union and the United States and Great Britain. Other things being equal, the two Western democracies could get on with the Soviet Union more profitably than Nazi Germany did. Indeed, I expect that they will.

But that is not the point of view of the Soviet leaders. They regard themselves as custodians of the future of the world. In their opinion, everything is going their way; as leaders of a Socialist State with a Communist goal, they regard themselves as the advance agents of manifest destiny. In Poland and the Balkans they believe that they are helping manifest destiny along, although the resistance is terrific from the "unenlightened," who are in the vast majority.

In their current relations with the Governments of the United States and Great Britain the Soviet leaders are not certain that they are dealing with the true representatives of the "broad masses of the peace-loving peoples." In their opinion, perhaps, these Governments are imposed on their people by political knavery, ignorance, inertia and the trickery of "monopoly capital."

Whether the Soviet Government and the Communist party, which are virtually identical, are promoting revolutionary changes in the United States and Britain is not circumstantially known, although there is reason to believe that they are meddling in the politics of France by subsidizing and advising the French Communist party. But one of the causes of Soviet Russia's tenacity in international affairs is that it regards socialism as the most stabilizing factor in international peace. Any deviation from Soviet policy logically becomes a threat to world peace by reactionaries who are defending a dying economic organization.

For communism is not only a political science but a religion, and its conduct is governed by dogma as well as by reason. The believers have to accept it without reservation. This religious fervor underlies the Soviet attitude toward foreign countries, and is assiduously cultivated at home. The modern ikons are the heroic



No Hidin' Place Down Here

"But those pesky fleas seem to think so. They are making right for my hide. And they're powerful smart about diggin' deep and populatin' fast. Let's track 'em down, Boss, with Sergeant's new SKIP-FLEA Powder!"

An entirely new formula, this potent powder combines DDT with other active ingredients which Sergeant's has proved through the years to be the most effective in killing fleas. SKIP-FLEA Powder also helps protect against ticks. And it's tested safe.

Careful laboratory studies and months of clinical tests by veterinarians prove two things about new SKIP-FLEA Powder. It kills fleas. And it does not harm dogs, even if they lick and bite. It's safe and sure.

Your drug or pet store's handy for a can—or any of the other good-for-pets Sergeant's products.

Fleas really do take a powder with Sergeant's new SKIP-FLEA Powder!



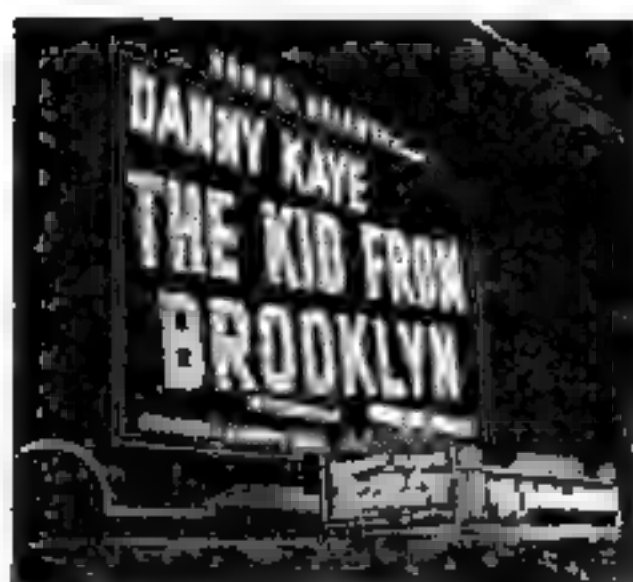
*New Formula
with DDT*

Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER

FOLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP. • RICHMOND 20, VA.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRESENTS...



Through the portals of the Astor Theatre pass the laughingest people Times Square has ever seen. They've just spent the most hilarious two hours of their lives at the mercy of (leave us not quibble) the funniest comedian in all the forty-eight states—a guy named...



Danny Kaye! And what a field-day the critics had! "Irresistible... best yet... hilarious... riotous... lovely Technicolor!" they shouted, and the echoes are still bouncing all around the canyons of Manhattan—and the bayous of Brooklyn!

But don't get the idea that "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN" is a one-man show—no siree...! Samuel Goldwyn has assembled the kind of pulse-pounding glamour that makes smart gals keep their men on a leash.



Just take a gander at the gams on Vera-Ellen—talk about dancing on air! And when lovely Virginia Mayo sings and romances, no wonder Danny's knees start to wheeze!



And to keep you in good company there's Walter Abel, Eve Arden, Steve Cochran, Fay Bainter, Lionel Stander and those gorgeous Goldwyn Girls...but you'll get the idea when you see "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN."



BULLETIN TO MEMBERS

of the world's most distinguished After-Shave Club

• The preference of gentlemen everywhere has made Aqua Velva the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Cooling, bracing as a frosty morning, Aqua Velva refreshes your face after shaving—leaves it feeling softer and smoother with a clean, pleasant scent.

There is now plenty of Aqua Velva for everybody...at toilet-goods counters everywhere. Enjoy it regularly as a luxurious, stimulating finish to your shaving.

The J. B. Williams Company
Glastonbury, Conn.

makers of fine shaving preparations
for over 100 years



RUSSIA 1946 CONTINUED

statues and portraits of Lenin and Stalin in every public building and the huge portraits of the minor prophets carried by the believing multitudes on holidays.

The literary style of Soviet propaganda overflows with religious expressions of love, gratitude, high resolves and sacrifice for a future life; Moscow is not only the capital of Soviet Russia but the holy city of the Communist faith; and Lenin is the father and Stalin is the son. The parish letters to the faithful, which are the leaders on the front pages of the newspapers, solemnly declare that the Soviet Union is the most blessed nation in the world because it has embraced the one and only true faith, and that the future will overflow with love, joy and singing.

When the Soviet representatives meet ours at the conference table they are in effect meeting the last tottering princes of original sin; and they cannot give way to us without yielding divine principle. That is one reason why the Russians are so difficult to get on with in pagan assemblies that do not worship Marx, Lenin and Stalin.

Peace is not identical with friendship

IN one respect, we and the leaders of the Soviet Union heartily agree; that the maintenance of peace depends upon peaceable relations between them and us. In view of their many problems, their war weariness and the wounds of the war that have not yet healed, they are eager for peace. They know more than we do about the horrors of war. Although they do not give us much credit for our share in the victory, that is no reason why we should withhold from them credit and admiration for their magnificent war record. Nor should we forget for a moment that their people have suffered painfully and are suffering still.

But, to eliminate as much as possible extraneous emotional factors, we should follow the Soviet leadership by ridding our minds of any assumption that peaceful relations are identical with friendship. Americans are likely to imagine that people in the rest of the world trust us, like us, envy us and probably want to borrow some money from us.

Only the last of these things is true of the Soviet leaders. They do want to borrow money from us to accelerate the tempo of the current Five-Year Plan. Americans would probably regard a loan to Russia as a gesture in friendship. The leaders of the Soviet Union would have no such sentimental feeling.

Refusing a loan to them after making loans to Great Britain, China, France, Poland and other countries would probably be interpreted as an act of hostility on the part of a chaotic, irresponsible, spendthrift country dominated by reactionaries. Relief shipments to a country that has an anti-foreign government should reflect nothing more devious than the humanitarian impulses of the American people. The Russian people living in the areas devastated by the Germans sorely need help, get what is sent and are grateful for it.

But it should not be expected that relief shipments will alter in any way the austere and detached attitude of the Soviet Government, which, as a matter of fact, would like to be in a position to provide for its people without foreign assistance. Russia's isolationism cannot be broken down by munificence from abroad.

Although the Soviet Union is challenging the rest of the world, it cannot afford to compete with the rest of the world or let its people know that in the Western democracies people not only have civil freedoms, but very much higher standards of living. The myth of persecution of the worker by "monopoly capital" would disappear if free association were permitted with the common people of the West.

Despite all these impediments to pleasant and easy relations—despite the truculence, the tenacity, the cries of persecution or the injured silences, despite the flamboyant retirements from unfavorable sessions of the United Nations—the Russians really do not want to lose friends throughout the world, nor build up resistance. They do not want to defy world opinion. Sometimes they are surprised by the vehemence of criticism from abroad.

Accustomed to tyrannical police control at home, they are surprised when milder versions of totalitarian tyranny produce screams of protest in Poland and the Balkans and bellows of righteous indignation from such remote citadels of "monopoly capital" as England and the United States. Public opinion from abroad forced Russia to withdraw from Iran although there was nothing concrete then, and there is nothing concrete now, to prevent the Soviet from adding Iran to its satellite nations. Russia has the troops and the techniques to take Iran any time she wants to range the rest of the world solidly against her.

In the flush of victory last autumn the Russians opened a war of nerves against Turkey. Russia had enormous military strength in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

New kind of chocolaty goodness wins whole family!



SISTER SAYS IT MAKES ICE CREAM TASTE SUPER



BROTHER DRINKS MORE MILK AND LOVES IT, NOW



ADDS A PARTY TOUCH TO PLAIN DESSERTS, SAYS DAD



MOM VOWS IT BEATS ANYTHING FOR FROSTINGS

Deliciously different chocolaty *COCOA MARSH* wins on all counts!

IT'S AMAZING how this one chocolaty syrup makes so many foods taste wonderfully delicious. It's that *different* Cocoa Marsh flavor that does it. Extra luscious—extra *chocolaty*—no wonder the whole family loves it! How children go for milk, when you stir in smoo-ooth, quick-mixing Cocoa Marsh! Quick as a wink it glamorizes plain desserts—just pour it on. And, Cocoa Marsh supplies a precious bonus of added Iron and Sunshine Vitamin D, for radiant energy and straight, strong bones. Costs only about a penny a serving! Get Cocoa Marsh at any food store today. The Taylor-Reed Corporation, Mamaroneck, New York and Kokomo, Indiana.

COCOA MARSH

The Extra-Delicious Chocolate-Flavored Syrup



A TAYLOR-REED
QUALITY FOOD



*F-N
the famous
Finger Nail
Test

It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff. Buy the large size.



2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!



3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair too!



WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

the vicinity, as she still has, and could have "liberated" Turkey from Turkish sovereignty, although not without fighting. But Turkey's nerves were strong, public opinion abroad began to grow restless, and the United States, taking a bland part in the war of nerves, sent a powerful battleship to Turkey bearing the ashes of a former Turkish Ambassador, as well as a few unspoken implications.

It would be foolish to assume that the Soviet has written Iran and Turkey off the agenda. Some day the Soviet Government may be willing to pay the cost in world prestige, or consider that the price has fallen, for the whole Near East is shaky. But at present the Russians do not want to defy the rest of the world. Matters of right and wrong are not of much consequence in power politics anywhere at any time. But the Russians do not want to let loose the whirlwind that might blow up another war.

I have suggested some of the reasons why the Russians are so difficult to get on with in international affairs. If we are not friends, neither are we enemies. But whether we like it or not, we are competitors for influence on the rest of the world. Marxism is ultimately a program for the whole world. Being doctrinaire Marxists, the leaders of the Soviet Union naturally see our relationship in those terms, and we may as well keep the whole thing in perspective by looking at the future with their point of view in mind.

The U.S.S.R. and the future

THERE is no reason why we should feel complacent despite the backwardness of Russia and the low standards of living there. For Russia is potentially the most powerful nation in the world. She embraces a huge land mass that occupies the pivotal position between Europe and Asia. She has immense natural resources. She has comparatively unlimited manpower. As a totalitarian government, the Soviet leaders can make highly effective use of their manpower (which is also womanpower), and their workers ought to become more efficient as time goes on.

As a matter of personal faith, I believe that freedom is more creative than dictatorship. Our record in the war, I think, proves it. At least we have concrete evidence that under certain circumstances that threaten our freedoms the United States can organize and achieve a national goal. Although our manpower is more limited than the combined man and woman power of Russia, it is still very large.

We, too, have abundant natural resources, and our geographical position is also strategic. In international competition, our greatest asset is the high level of technical skill. Man for man, our population is infinitely more productive in the factory and on the farm. But in peacetime we are not organized for maximum production. Many other human considerations come first. Nor can we guarantee our people economic security.

It is true that there is no unemployment in the Soviet Union, although work is not in any sense a matter of individual choice and every job is immensely overmanned. In competition with Russia, a dynamic force, we have to maintain our supremacy by growth that is also dynamic. We have to increase production and raise standards of living on a dynamic scale. Our basic problem is how to organize for maximum production without infringing on the Bill of Rights. How thoroughly can we organize for the common good without curtailing human freedoms? Speaking as one American citizen, I don't know. What I do know is that the problem is there.

After ten months in Moscow I started for home several weeks ago very low in mind. On a basis of personal experiences and personal observations, I could see no prospect of cordial relations with the great Power of Europe and Asia. To put it in the simplest terms, that is a pity because it would be pleasant and enriching to have friendly association with these people.

My wife and I traveled in a Soviet plane from an excellent modern airdrome in Moscow to Odessa by way of Kiev. The plane was a Russian version of our Douglas transport; and contrary to what many Americans report about Soviet flying, the whole flight was managed with a high degree of skill, comfort and dispatch. We enjoyed the other passengers, as we always enjoyed being with any group of Russian people. They had a warm family feeling toward each other; and it reached out a little to include us.

Little courtesies were extended to us now and then; they proved that although we could not join the family, we were not excluded. These are small things, but they represent my experience with Russian people apart from officers of the Government; and they confirm my belief that the Russian people are sincere and good-hearted. It is a pity, perhaps it will be a tragedy, that as a nation we have to live with the Russian nation in an atmosphere of bitterness and tension. But we have to. There is no other way.

A winner with women!

QUEST

All-purpose

DEODORANT

On sanitary napkins,
Quest powder deodorizes
completely

KIP O'Sullivan Says

Put foot-easing O'Sullivan's
On every pair of shoes
And notice how quickly
You'll end those
'Gee-my-feet-ache!
blues.



AMERICA'S No. 1 HEEL
...and sole
Tough and Springy

YOU NEED THIS

FAST-ACTING AGENT TO
relieve misery and kill cause* of
ATHLETE'S FOOT

Helps
Guard
Against
Re-infection!



Here's a product that really does what it claims. It's a Doctor's wonderfully soothing yet powerfully medicated liquid called Zemo. First applications relieve itching and burning between cracked, peeling toes and aid healing. Zemo actually kills on contact the vicious germs* that cause and spread this trouble. That's why Zemo has such an amazing record of continuous success. First trial convinces. Buy Zemo at any drugstore.

ZEMO

Born this week...



**So that people of other lands may “see life . . . see the world . . . eyewitness great events . . .”
the new international edition of LIFE this week starts on its way to 70-odd countries all over the globe**

IN THE TEN FAST-MOVING YEARS since LIFE began, you who read it here in the United States and Canada have made the vast appeal and impact of pictorial journalism abundantly clear by enabling LIFE to shatter all U. S. publishing records.

This success you have made out of LIFE at home presents the grave responsibility to undertake the same journalistic service to a whole globe striving as never before for greater mutual understanding and higher living standards. You have made it apparent that LIFE has the ability to stimulate a greater exchange of ideas and products among the peoples of the world—and that is LIFE International's two-fold purpose.

EXCHANGE OF IDEAS. Published fortnightly, in English, LIFE International combines most of two issues of LIFE to give its readers abroad a graphic understanding of world events as seen through American eyes—and at a price a world-wide audience can afford.

EXCHANGE OF GOODS. LIFE International's advertising pages are offered separately from LIFE to provide foreign traders with an unmatched show-case to display their wares to this world audience—men and women who are already showing their eagerness for American products by buying them at twice the pre-war dollar volume.

The following list of advertisers in the first issue of LIFE International is a landmark in international marketing. It indicates the wide variety of products going to foreign markets . . . more important, it heralds the expansion into the lucrative field of importing and exporting of several major American corporations.

LIFE International is proud that these representative American organizations share its conviction that it will help to increase world-wide understanding and trade—that it will thus contribute to the greater prosperity of the world community upon which our own domestic prosperity ultimately depends.

Ace Art Company	The Mennen Company
Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.	John Hudson Moore, Inc.
Brown-McGrath, Inc.	Nestle's Milk Products, Inc.
Eastman Kodak Company	Reynolds Pen Company
Marshall Field & Company	Schenley International Corp.
Fraser-Morris & Company	Soft-Lite Lens Co., Inc.
Julius Kayser Company	Hiram Walker, Inc.
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LIFE *International*

9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



MEMBERS OF "HAPPINESS TOUR" POSE AROUND TALL TOTEM POLE IN VANCOUVER'S STANLEY PARK.



KICKING HORSE RIVER, DROPPING FROM MOUNTAIN GLACIERS

Life Goes on a "Happiness Tour"

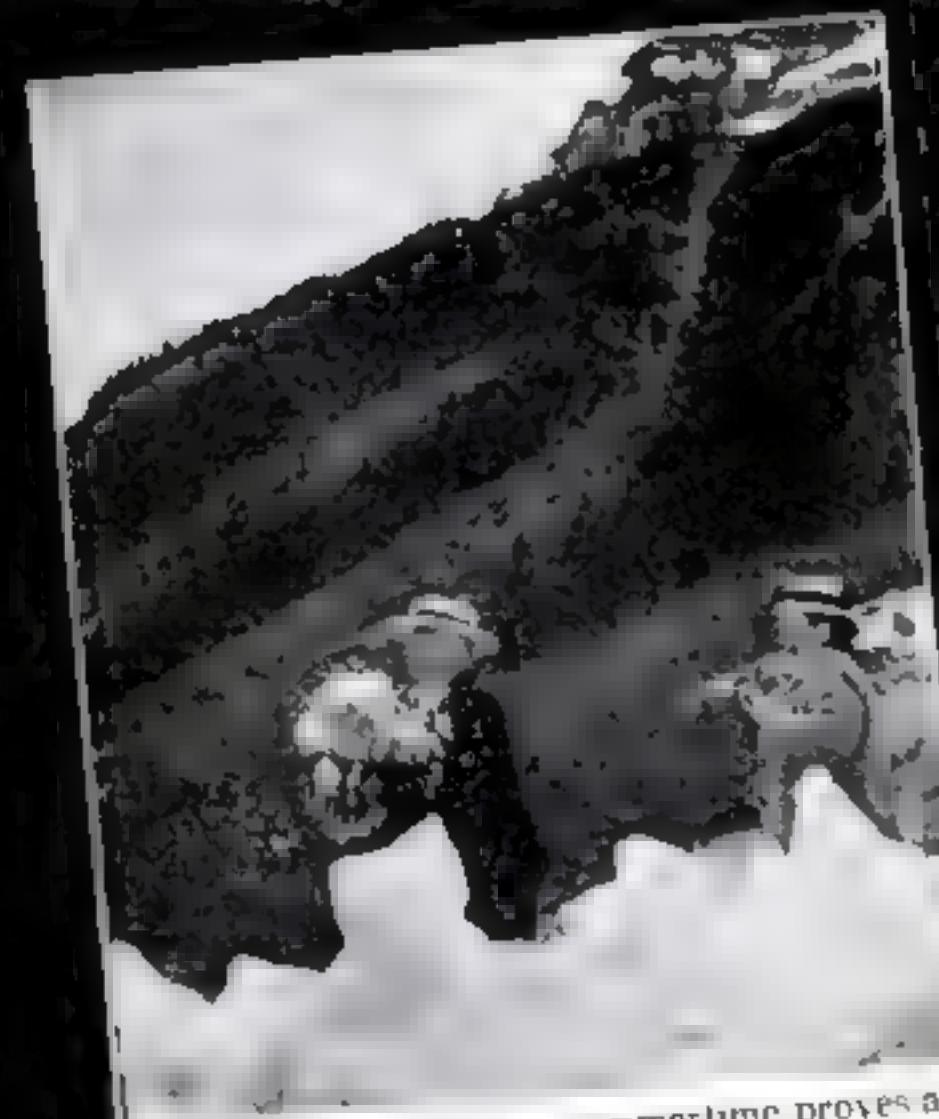
Sturdy sight-seers cram three countries, four parks and six West Coast cities into a two-week train junket



"STROLLING MUSICIAN leads the festive note," says the travel folder, as tour gets under way at Chicago. The "14-day house party on wheels" costs a minimum of \$250.



CARD GAMES make "miles slip by in care-free good-fellowship." Travelers spent half their time on the train, had to hang clothes above seats. Air conditioning often failed.



SNOWBALLING in summertime proves a refreshing novelty near Lake Louise, distracting some of the tourists temporarily from "nature's handiwork at its absolute perfection."



NEAR LAKE LOUISE, IS ONE OF TOUR'S BIGGEST SCENIC SHOWS



MARY AND BILL BARTH STAND BY GIANT DOME STALAGMITE IN NEW MEXICO'S CARLSBAD CAVERNS

"OFF YOU GO—into the Western wonders—the scenic splendors of 12 favorite vacation states—the exotic witchery of OLD MEXICO—the magnificent grandeur of the Canadian Rockies. . . ." Thus begins the travel folder of the Happiness Tours Travel Service, one of the many agencies profiting from the greatest travel season in U.S. history. Along with 150 other eager travelers, LIFE Photographer Yale Joel started the Three Nations Tour at Chicago.

Happiness Tourists found that the travel folder fulfilled all its promises, including three countries, four national parks and monuments, six West Coast cities and the Warner Brothers lot (in one gate and out another). But they doubted the "solid comfort" of spending 10 nights on the train, getting up at dawn, grimly seeing sights till dark. With quotations from the travel folder, LIFE follows the sturdy Happiness Tourists on their "glorious fun-billed trip"



FUNNY GLASSES worn by Tourist W. H. Ellefsen drew "the infectious gaiety of our merry companions." Blankets were welcome in the high altitudes of the Canadian Rockies

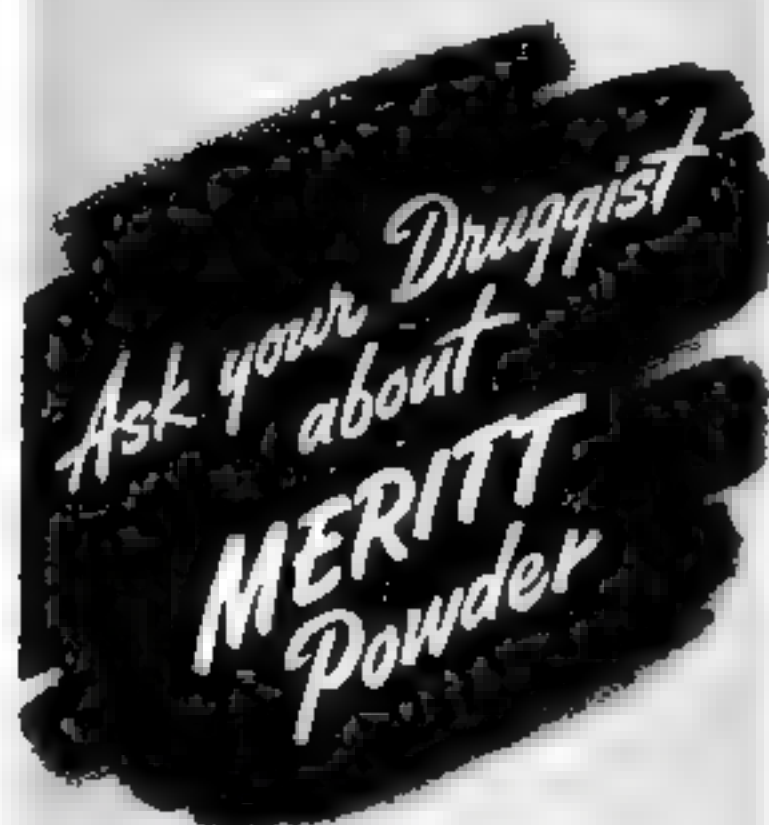


POSTCARD WRITING was first on schedule wherever tour went. As group tired they spoke of almost everything they were taken to see as "just more rocks and monuments."



AT MUIR WOODS the Barths pose in front of a cross section of a giant redwood tree. Circling lines and labels show historic events during 1,021 years of the tree's life.

HELPS RELIEVE ATHLETE'S FOOT
OR MINOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



If you suffer from *Athlete's Foot*, *Prickly Heat*, *Chafing*, *Excessive Perspiration*, or *Minor Skin Irritations*, get speedy comfort with MERITT the multiple purpose family powder that many people have used for over 15 years.

MERITT Powder isn't anything new—it's a time-tested, reliable and approved *Pharmacist's* prescription. A scientifically blended combination of therapeutic ingredients created to help bring soothing relief from annoying, unpleasant, uncomfortable skin irritations.

MERITT Powder is mildly medicated, antiseptic, soothing, absorbent, and a pleasant way to guard your skin against infection.



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
to relieve all
of the above irritations.



Soothes
Prickly heat
and Chafing



Helps relieve
Skin Irritations

50c Everywhere

Sold with our Unconditional
Money-Back Guarantee

MERITT CHEMICAL Co., Inc.
GREENSBORO, N. C.



"BREAKFAST IS SERVED! That cheery welcome call awakens us from refreshing sleep," says the travel folder. In fact the tourists sometimes had to wait in line for an hour in their Pullmans.



TRIP'S CLOWN, W. H. Ellisen, Chicago eyeglass man, often cavorted in false eyebrows and mustache but put on best show at Los Angeles Florentine Gardens with one of the chorus girls.



SAN GABRIEL MISSION near Los Angeles, founded in 1771 by Spanish monks, was last stop on a day-long bus tour. At L's Angeles train weary travelers spent three happy nights in hotel.

**YOUR SHOES
ARE SHOWING!**



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU
NEED **SHINOLA**

● You're not expected to stop what you're doing to rush out and buy Shinola. But it is a good idea to keep a supply on hand. The oily waxes in Shinola help *preserve* leather—in addition to giving your shoes a neat-looking shine. Why not KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA?

☀ SHINOLA WHITE works wonders with white shoes—all types, leather or fabric. It's easy to put on yet hard to rub off.



IN CANADA IT'S 2 IN 1

LIFE

more readers
every week than
any other maga-
zine in history

CRO-PAX

for CORNS
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
AT ALL
10c
STORES

FINEST CITY PRODUCTS, INC. • CLEVELAND 33, OHIO

HOW TEMPTING IS A PIECE OF CHEESE?



YOU KNOW WHEN YOU **SEE** IT PROTECTED IN CELLOPHANE



The shopper certainly has the right to expect clean, fresh, appetizing food products. DuPont Cellophane protects that right of yours—by protecting the foods you buy. By keeping them sani-

tary, free from contamination. By safeguarding flavor and original quality. Also, transparent Cellophane lets you see and inspect what you are buying—helps you get exactly what you want.

MOISTUREPROOF



Cellophane
A PRODUCT OF DU PONT RESEARCH
SHOWS what it PROTECTS

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"By the Beard of the Prophet—who's SHE?"

PRINCE ALI: Ah, a wonderful country! Never did I imagine the American girls like *this!*

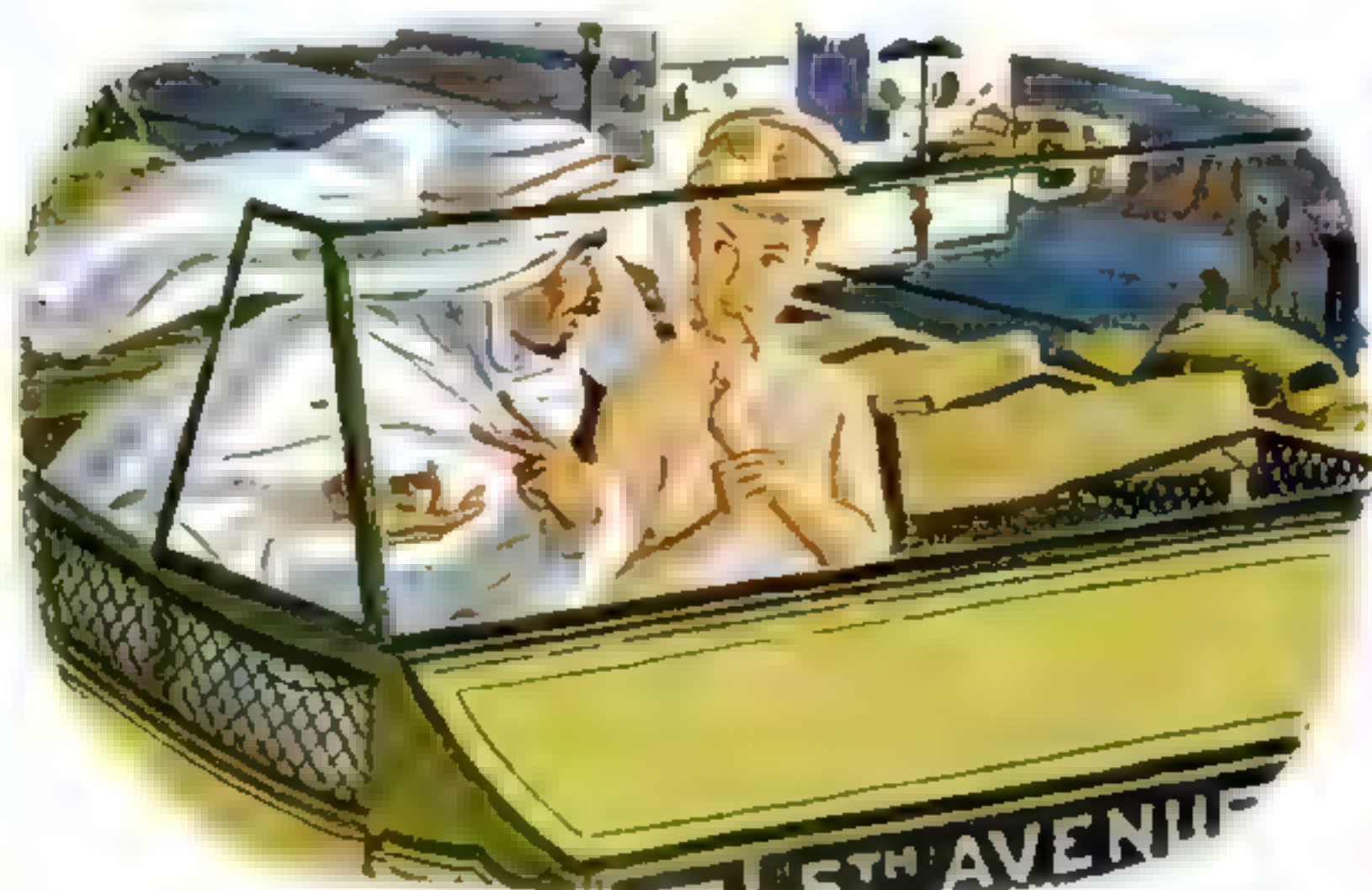
REPORTER: Keep your nightshirt on, Prince—I'll introduce you to Psyche! But first I want a statement on the international situation. . .



ALI: Not now, brother of a donkey! This lovely lady, this Psyche—who is she?

REPORTER: I'm telling you she's Psyche, the symbol of White Rock sparkling water . . . but listen, Prince, I've got to get a story!

PSYCHE: I'll give you a story! Headline it "Prince Ali discovers White Rock, America's finest mixer." And you can quote me as saying its bracing alkaline tang points up the flavor of drinks *tonight*, helps folks feel better *tomorrow!*



ALI (next morning): You spoke truly! We are how you say "riding high" after our gala evening, yes? Tell me, moon of delight, will you share my throne?

PSYCHE: You are too kind, Prince Ali! But until every American discovers White Rock (and need I say it's worth the trifling extra cost), *my* place is on the White Rock label!

Psyche—Trademark of America's Finest Mixer



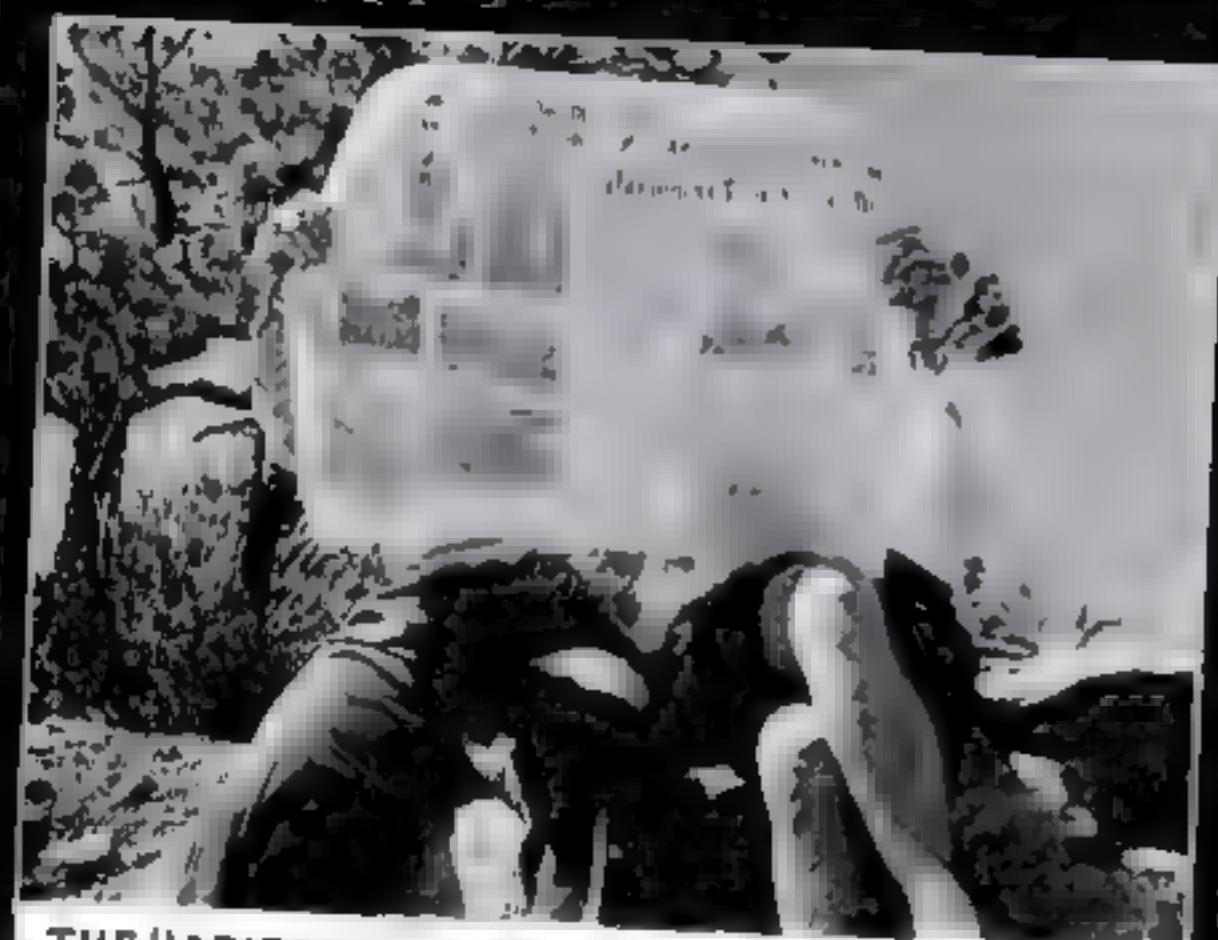
White Rock

SPARKLING WATER

keeps you sparkling, too!



TIJUANA'S CURIO SHOPS and honky-tonks were about all of Mexico they had time to see. Later in the trip an evening was spent at Juárez, Mexico, dancing and sampling Tequila Daisies.



THE "ARIZONA RANGE NEWS" put out a special issue to welcome the tourists to the Wonderland of Rocks, where "a real chuck-wagon dinner was cooked and served up by actual cowboys."



BACK IN CHICAGO the Barths end their trip. Says folder: "Our tour has given us new zest for living, and the memories of our wonderful adventures will be forever engraved in our hearts."

Just Right!



Blackie: "This breeze is grand, Whitey — shall we turn it on faster?"

Whitey: "Why experiment, Blackie, when you've got something that satisfies you?"

Right indeed, Whitey—especially where BLACK & WHITE is concerned! Ever since this famous blend was created generations ago, other Scotches have come and gone—but BLACK & WHITE has stayed on. And the reason is—character!



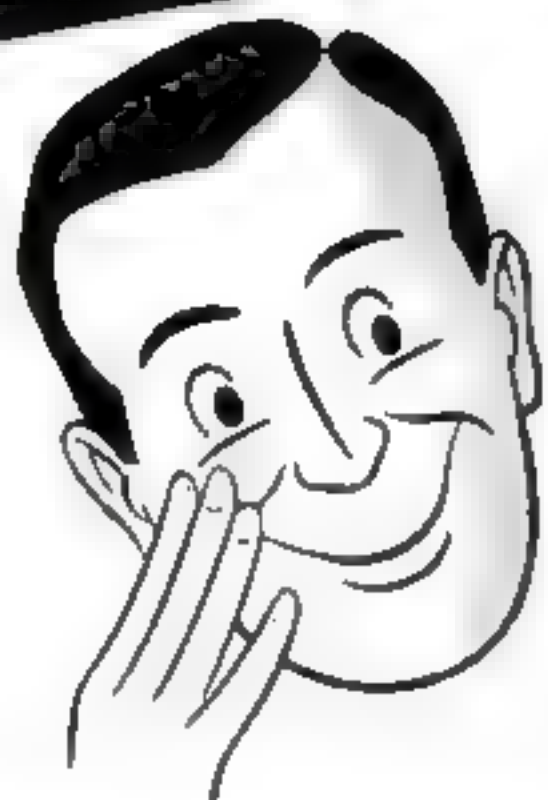
"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Which kind of beard do you have . . .



TOUGH?



WIRY?



LIGHT?



All come off clean . . comfortably . . with *Fitch's* NO-BRUSH

Yes! No matter what type of beard you have, try Fitch's No-Brush. It delivers a close, easy shave even in cold or hard water. The instant you apply it, the special "skin conditioner" ingredient goes to work to prepare even the most sensitive face for a mighty sweet, smooth shave. Fitch's No-Brush gets right next to your skin . . . holds those whiskers up until the razor mows 'em down! Leaves the

face with a frosty cool feeling that lasts for hours. Whether yours is a "problem" beard or the ordinary "garden" variety, you'll find *solid comfort* shaving once you've SWITCHED TO FITCH.

BRUSH USERS! Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains the special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather.

LISTEN TO "FITCH BANDWAGON" starring DICK POWELL in "ROGUE'S GALLERY" every Sun., 7:30 p. m. EDT over NBC. Tune in "VIC and SAGE" every Thurs., 8:30 p. m., EDT over MBS.

Fitch's



Generous
25c and 50c sizes

NO-BRUSH SHAVING CREAM

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, Des Moines 4, Iowa
Bayonne, N. J. • Jackson, Miss. • Los Angeles 22, Calif. • Toronto 2, Can



Knopf
knows sportswear

What's your game . . . hiking, golfing, hitting the ski trails, or just puttering around in your own backyard? Knopf has the right answers in sporting tags. Fashioned by men who take your outdoor fun seriously, Knopf Sportswear combines quality, durability, and free-action comfort with the vigorous styling that outdoor men admire.

smart sportsmen

know

Knopf

Write for Knopf's
new **SPORTS
QUIZ BOOK**
60 questions and
answers about
interesting facts
and figures in the
sporting world



At leading stores everywhere
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470 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANY



SIX OSTRICHES OBSERVE EGG, BOOK AND JAMES MORAN, WHO WEARS

MAN HATCHES EGG

One of the silliest displays of dead-pan waggery to come out of Los Angeles in at least a week was perpetrated by a press agent named James Moran, who last month chose Father's Day to begin hatching an ostrich egg. Already noted for selling an icebox to an Eskimo and finding a needle in a haystack (LIFE, March 13, 1939), Moran, armed with Betty MacDonald's *The Egg and I*, took over the duties of a pair of ostriches named Joe and Eve which had abandoned their egg. Within



"HATCHING PANTS" MADE FOR HIM BY A HOLLYWOOD DRESS DESIGNER

After 19 days of trying, an uninhibited press agent manages to hatch out a young ostrich

a week Moran had sold his stunt for \$2,000 to International Studios, which will film Mrs. MacDonald's book. He spent his days squatting in a specially constructed wheelchair with a basket slung underneath to hold the egg, and his nights sleeping in an ostrich corral (*next page*). After 19 days, 4 hours and 32 minutes of association with Moran, the egg hatched. Then Moran threatened to run the young ostrich for Congress, wound up by condemning his 1,500 daily visitors as "crackpots."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The foods I like
DON'T LIKE ME!



OUTRAGED NATURE gets quick revenge when food and stomach are not on speaking terms.

When your stomach is upset, get gentle relief for that queasy feeling. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

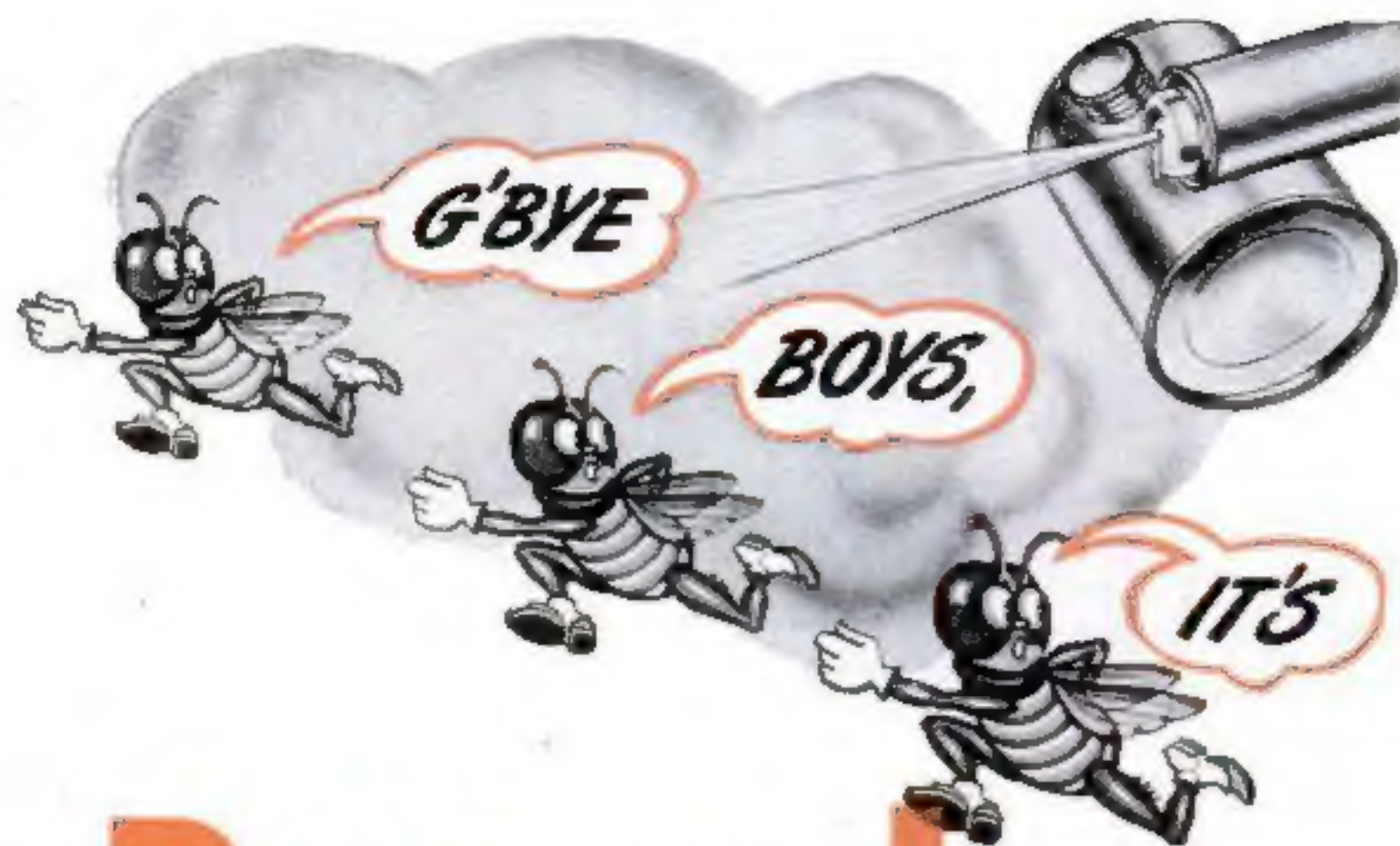


Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL . . . to relieve queasy, uneasy, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . And to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, see your physician.

Norwich

A NORWICH PRODUCT

Pepto-Bismol
for UPSET Stomach



Bug-a-boo

with and without D. D. T.

**kills all 9
major pests**

● Spray those pests away for good — with Bug-a-boo! This super-insect spray, with and without D.D.T.—far exceeds U. S. Government standards for an AA Grade insecticide. Even kills roaches and moth larvae! Yet Bug-a-boo won't harm humans, won't damage home furnishings, when used as directed. And it's pine-scented—and so pleasant to use.

For long-lasting protection from pests, you may prefer the new Bug-a-boo with 3% D.D.T. It contains Bug-a-boo's time-tested, insect-killing ingredients, plus all the D.D.T. that's required for effective residual deposit, and the full amount considered justified for home uses. Caution: Use Bug-a-boo with D.D.T. carefully, according to the directions.

KILLS
FLIES • ANTS
MOTHS • ROACHES
MOSQUITOES
BEDBUGS
SILVERFISH
WATERBUGS
FLEAS



● AVAILABLE WITH AND WITHOUT D.D.T.

Buy Bug-a-boo at your favorite store or dealer



THE SIGN THE NATION KNOWS

Man Hatches Egg CONTINUED



EVE AND JOE ABANDON EGG. Warned by sun, egg probably would have hatched in about 42 days without anybody sitting on it during the day.



CLUTCHING THE EGG, Moran dozes. Spectators paid 40¢ a head to see Moran, who announced they ought to be home doing something worth-while.



BABY OSTRICH is hatched. It has already earned Moran twice as much as snow-blind fleas he once sold Paramount for use under glaring klieg lights.

Choice of a lifetime...



For a full measure of pleasure in a tall, cool drink, make it with the finest Golden Wedding in more than fifty years. One sip will make this choice whiskey your *choice of a lifetime*.

Golden Wedding

Has
had no
peers for
fifty
years

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

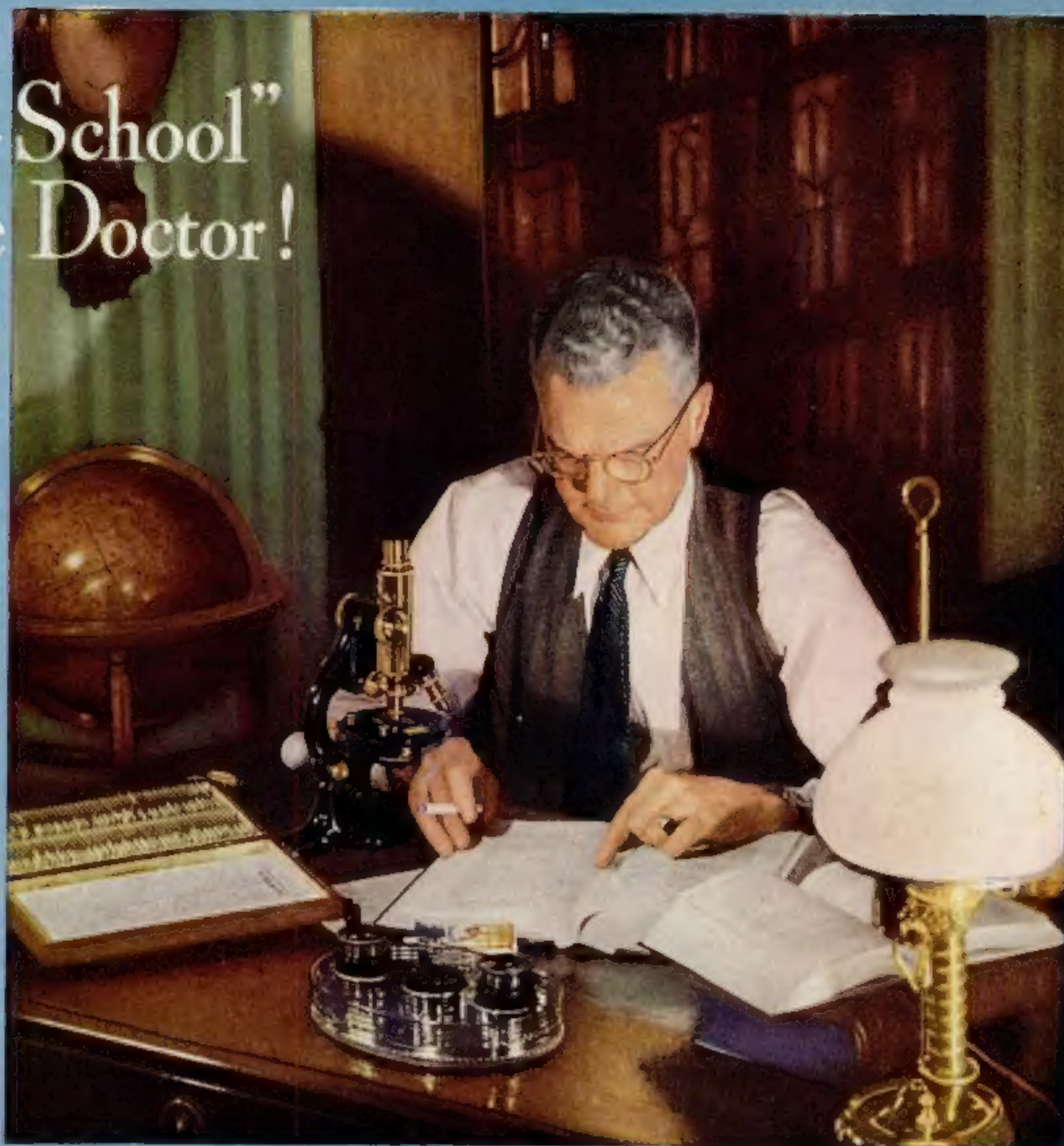
"Night-School" for the Doctor!

*His years of study
are never finished...
for the practice of medicine
is one of constant change
...and every change
is for the better... for you!*

SEVEN long years he studied *before* those respected initials "M.D." were affixed to his name. And that was only the beginning!

For every new day brings discovery in the field of medicine. Light where once there was darkness... hope where before there was helplessness.

New methods of diagnosis and treatment... new techniques in surgery... new means of preventing disease, of protecting and prolonging life. All these the doctor must know to fulfill his obligation to you... to mankind. That's being a doctor!



*According
to a recent
Nationwide
survey:*

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three nationally known independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see right*).

CAMELS

Costlier Tobaccos

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



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